

EDITION DE LUXE

No. 769

AUG. 23, 1884

THE GRAPHIC.

AN

ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

NEWSPAPER.



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190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GEOGRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

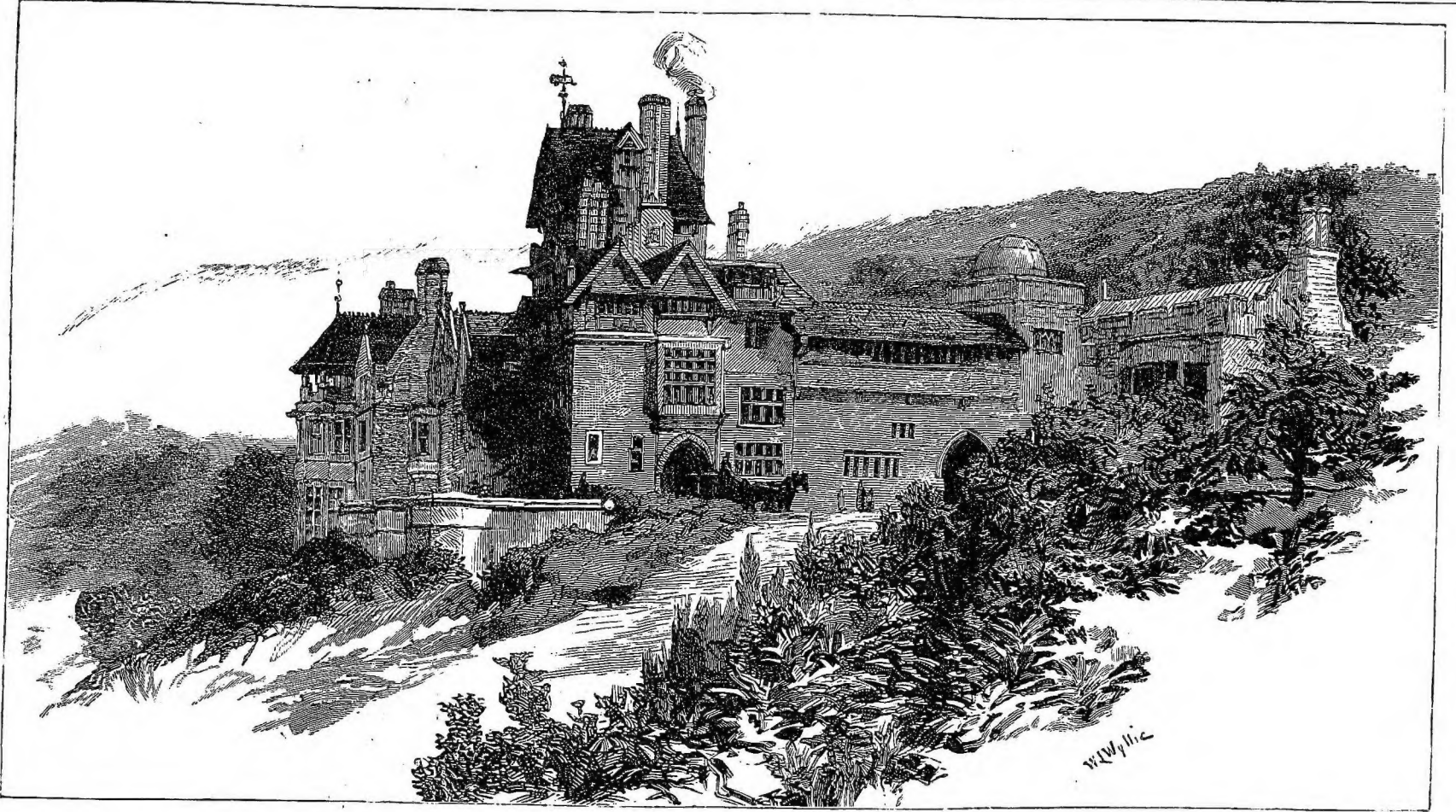
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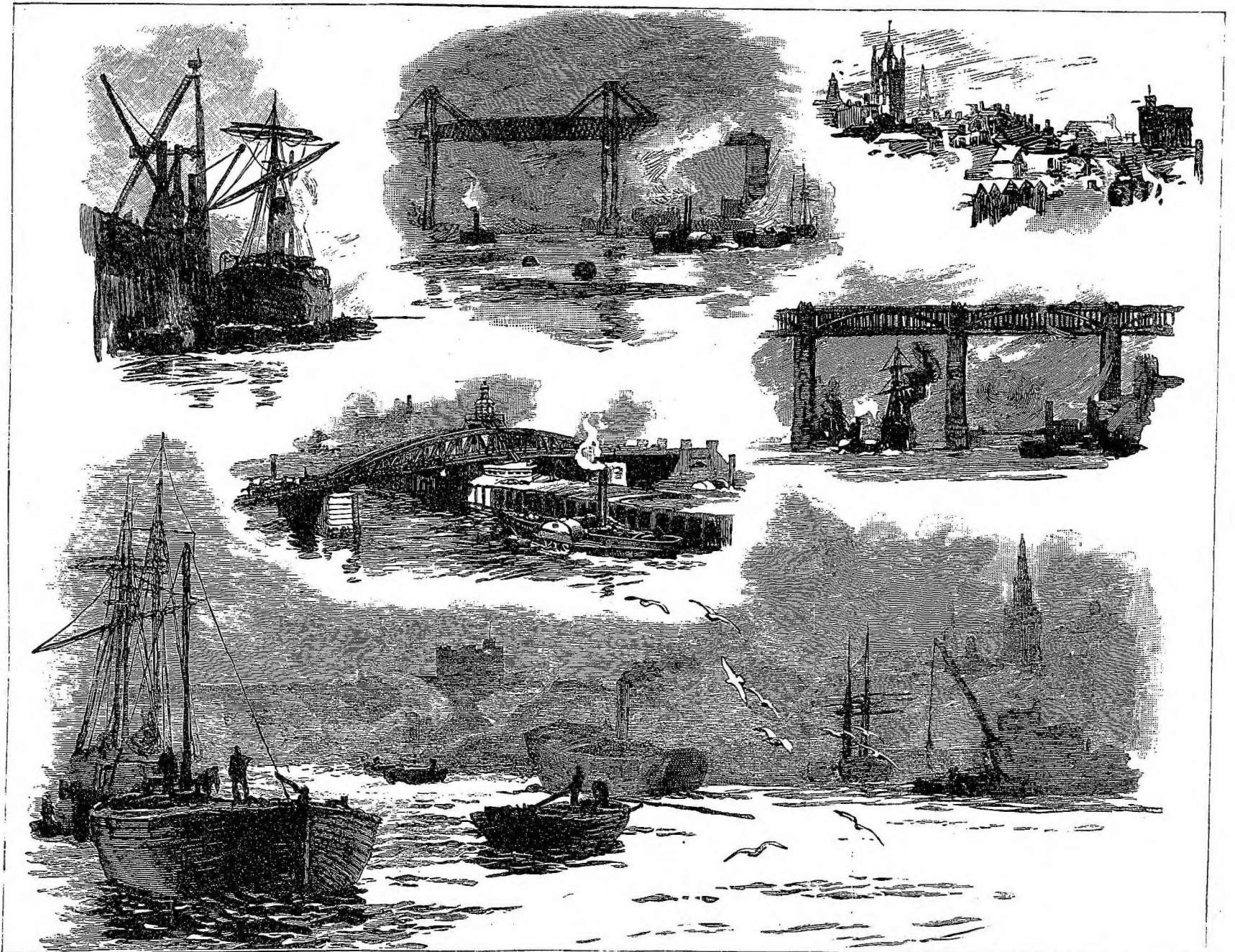
SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1884

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

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CRAGSIDE, RESIDENCE OF SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG



NOTES ON THE TYNE, FROM OUR ARTIST'S SKETCH-BOOK

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO NEWCASTLE

Topics of the Week

GERMANY AND ENGLAND.—The fact—if it be a fact—that at a place called Bageida, on the West Coast of Africa, the British flag has been hauled down and replaced by the German flag under the superintendence of a German naval officer, would, at the best of times, be unpleasant news. But just now, when German newspapers which are known to be more or less officially inspired are daily pouring forth the vials of their wrath against “perfidious Albion,” such intelligence becomes almost alarming. Englishmen, as a body, are totally unconscious of having done anything to offend the susceptibilities of Germany; they feel towards the Empire and its inhabitants just as they felt a twelvemonth ago. What is it then which has provoked this outburst of wrath against England? Is it real, or is it simulated? Is it the genuine expression of national sentiment; or does it merely express the personal annoyance of Prince Bismarck? It would be rash, with the imperfect information available, to attempt to answer these questions decisively. But as the censorship of the Press is very strict in Germany, and as therefore the newspapers are much more under the thumb of the Government than in this country, it may fairly be remarked that such outbursts as those which have lately appeared in the *Cologne Gazette* have quite probably been dictated—if not by the great Chancellor himself, at any rate by his perhaps over-zealous *entourage*. Still, this does not explain the mystery. Why should Prince Bismarck be angry with England? It is well known that Mr. Gladstone dislikes the Prince’s militarism, and that in return the Prince has a profound distaste for Mr. Gladstone and all his ways (a sentiment, by the way, also felt by a good many Englishmen): but surely personal dislike to the G. O. M. cannot account for these disagreeable diatribes. Again, if Prince Bismarck had really insisted on discussing the sanitary condition of Egypt at the Conference, of course such a powerful personage as he is would have had his wishes gratified. That, then, cannot be the reason. Nor does it appear that our Government has interposed any unreasonable obstacle in the way of the establishment of a German colony in South-Western Africa. It is more likely that our cowardly surrender to the Boers in 1881 is really at the bottom of the mischief. As the Gladstone Government have acquired a reputation for “caving in” when firmly confronted, the Chancellor is possibly trying to get something for Germany by the adoption of a bullying tone. But although Prince Bismarck may not unnaturally hold rather a contemptuous opinion of Mr. Gladstone’s foreign and colonial policy, he should remember that behind the Premier stands the British people, and that it is a dangerous game to stir up national antipathies.

CITY CLUBS.—The opening of the handsome Constitutional Club in Milk Street, Cheapside, marks something like a new departure in the social life of the City. It is a delusion to suppose that all business ceases in the City at four o’clock, and that the counting-houses are deserted of an evening. At the time when the doors of banks and offices are closed to the public, telegrams begin to pour in from the Western Hemisphere, where the day is either just beginning or reaching its zenith. It is noon at New York when five p.m. is striking in Cheapside; and, as a matter of fact, senior partners and managers are often at work in their private parlours long after all the clerks have gone. These considerations have long made it desirable that there should be City clubs where a dinner can be obtained, and where men who are forced to spend the evening within sound of Bow Bells may enjoy company, a rubber, billiards, newspaper reading, or what not while they wait for telegrams. The clubs will also be useful to men who, living in the suburbs, have arranged to go to the theatre in the evening, and want some place where they may pass the time between four and seven or eight; again, though the remark may sound strange, the clubs may be expected to swell the congregations in City churches on Sundays. Many men would come from the suburbs to attend the special afternoon services at St. Paul’s, or the evening services in the different churches, if there were some place in the City where they could wait in the interval between the arrival of their trains and the commencement of the services. The Sunday trains often run at awkward times. When all has been said for City Clubs, however, we must hope that they will none of them assume too marked a political complexion. City men have hitherto left their politics at home when going to business; and the harmonies of commercial life will not be improved if it becomes a practice for Conservatives and Liberals to keep apart at the friendly mutton-chop hour when it used to be their habit to meet.

BALLOONING.—Something more than a hundred years have elapsed since Joseph Montgolfier delighted the worthy citizens of Annonay by the spectacle of the first balloon, and startled France at large by his theory that MM. les Anglais could be driven out of Gibraltar by a French army dropped into the very midst of the fortress from his new aerial machine. During the century there have been numberless inventions for aerial transport, but beyond the substitution

of gas for heated air, there has been no marked advance in aerial navigation. Steam and hand propelling and steering gear have been tried, but, though perfect in theory, have failed when put to the crucial test of actual practice. Thus aeronauts have ever been utterly at the mercy of every change of wind or aerial current. Certainly balloons have been useful—as during the siege of Paris—to get out of a beleaguered city, or when held captive for purposes of observation; but as a rule they have been looked upon as mere toys to amuse a holiday crowd at the Crystal Palace or the Tuileries. A few inventive and indefatigable spirits, however, undeterred by the taunt that the achievement of aerial locomotion was as chimerical as that of perpetual motion, have continued their researches and experiments—some in the direction of aerial currents, others with regard to mechanical appliances; the efforts of the latter being stimulated by the discoveries in electrical science. Curiously enough, last week brought success to both. The Channel was twice crossed by ordinary balloons, whose occupants had correctly forecast the wind currents which they were likely to encounter, while from France comes an authoritative statement that the problem of mechanically steering balloons has at length been solved. The inventor, Captain Renard, is a military engineer; his motive power is electricity stored up in accumulators; and the report of the experiment states that the balloon turned a semi-circle and returned to its starting-point in the teeth of the wind. If the account be not exaggerated this may prove the beginning of an era of practical aerial navigation, and of a revolution in our methods of travelling, and, indeed, of our warfare. The promoters of the Channel Tunnel may now take heart, for our military authorities will in future pay far more attention to the dangers of “overground” than of underground invasion.

FRANCE AND CHINA.—M. Ferry evidently still believes in the squeezability of the Chinese Government. He has not forgotten the mysterious threats of the Marquis Tseng, and their subsequent collapse. So, as a gentle reminder to the Chinese that they had better pay up the Langson indemnity without delay, he has bombarded Kelung. Since that event took place it has been confidently reported that China had actually declared war; but the momentous decision is still delayed. That there should be any doubt about such a matter in the Councils of the Court at Peking proves at once the low vitality of the Chinese Empire, and the want of confidence felt by the ruling caste in the loyalty of the masses. No European Power would suffer one of its harbours to be bombarded without immediate recourse to arms. But the Chinese Government are weak, partly from the lack of a collective bond of patriotism between the outlying provinces and the centre, partly because there are a great many people in the country who would cheerfully witness the collapse of the Manchu dynasty. The French are counting on this weakness. But a weak man may in his extremity do desperate deeds, and, at the last, the ruling mandarins may decree war. Nobody will have more cause to regret this than the English. We shall run the risk at the Treaty Ports not only of losing our trade, but of having our countrymen massacred. Should war be declared, all white men, whether French, English, German, or American, will to the mob be “foreign devils.” What makes all this the more provoking is that France has not one-tenth of the interest in China that we have; and yet she stirs up all this muddle to gratify the ambition of her military and naval officers, and to kindle the enthusiasm of her missionaries. Our advice to M. Ferry is this: “Let China Proper alone, and be satisfied with the development of the splendid resources of your possessions in Cochin and Tonquin.”

THE BOERS AGAIN.—Our capitulation to the Boers in 1881 has produced the results that were anticipated at the time by all who knew what the Transvaal Republic really was. Mr. Mackenzie has had to resign his Commissionership in Bechuanaland because he has no means of enforcing the authority with which the Colonial Office had invested him; and President Krüger, in his blustering speech on the New Convention, now claims nothing less than that the Boers should have complete control over Bechuanaland, and hold possession of the trade route from Cape Colony to the North, which is at present under the joint protection of the Colonial and Imperial authorities. Krüger urges his pretensions by calling our most trusted officials “liars and intriguers,” and by swearing that the Boers mean to take their stand on the Sand River Treaty, which it was the express object of the New Convention to annul. Meanwhile the natives of Bechuanaland are having a pretty time of it. Let those who had so much to say about Bulgarian atrocities spare a moment to consider the persecutions, rapine, and cruelty, which these poor wretches are suffering at the hands of the Boers. The upshot of all this must be that the present Government will have to recognise, as the late Cabinet did, that the Transvaal Republic is a corrupt, truculent, and slave-driving State. We shall have to protect the Bechuanese, and bring Krüger and his people to their senses. The only pity is that Sir Frederick Roberts was not allowed to do this in a thorough fashion three years ago.

THE HORRORS OF SANITATION.—There is a thrilling French story of a Suicide Club the members of which dined together every week, one dish on the table being seasoned with a deadly poison. What that dish was, however, no one

knew, and each guest accordingly had an uncomfortable quarter of an hour after dinner before he could be certain that he at least had not partaken of the fatal course. Something akin to this anxious feeling is at the present moment making the lives of many of us a burden, not of weekly, but of daily dread. Of late years the theories of sanitary scientists, instead of being relegated to the obscure reports of Dryasdust Societies, have become public property. Popular journals now treat their readers to long disquisitions on insanitary evils, and open their columns to learned medical controversies which aforesaid were confined to the Medical Press. The effect of this is twofold. There is no doubt that an immense amount of good has been done by inciting public authorities and private householders to look to the condition of their drains, their dustbins, and their water-supply, but at the same time the effect has been to make numbers of persons miserably nervous. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and when they read of the penetrating power of so-called sewer gas, of scarlet fever hidden away in ice cream, of diphtheria in new milk, of typhoid germs permeating a water supply, of muscle worms in ham, and of parasites in mackerel, they ask despairingly, what are they to breathe, drink, or eat? Thus they live in continual fear of falling victims to some dread disease, and like Mithridates seek to render themselves poison-proof by eagerly seizing upon every antidote that may be the fashion of the hour. To these anxious spirits Dr. Mortimer Granville addresses a timely warning this week in a letter to a contemporary. While acknowledging the immense benefits which have arisen from modern sanitation, he protests against the “feverish fussiness of an endeavour to free life from the stain and slavery of disease,” and declares that diseases which were wont to be the outcome of bad bodily health are now beyond question the fruits of mind and nerve trouble. This will be another source of alarm to the health-ridden, for the idea of steering past the Scylla of bodily disease into the Charybdis of virtual insanity adds yet another terror to life.

ALCOHOLIC DRINKS.—The elaborate apology for “the alcohol-fiend” which appeared in the columns of the *Times* of the 14th inst. must have gladdened the hearts of all dealers in spirituous liquors, wholesale and retail, to say nothing of the moderate drinkers. For the doctrines of the total abstainers have now for many years past been preached with such vehemence and frequency that they have sunk into the souls of many persons who have nevertheless been wanting in the strength of will to become teetotallers. They have gone on imbibing alcohol, but with more or less of an uneasy conscience, feeling that they were putting an enemy into their mouths who might steal away their health, if not their brains. Now that they have perused the scientific lecture in the *Times* they will feel comforted. As Mr. Jourdan discovered that he had been talking prose all his life without knowing it, so they find that in drinking alcohol (in moderation) they have been performing a series of virtuous actions. Within the narrow limits of a “leaderette” it would be absurd to discuss whether the consumption of alcohol is harmless or beneficial. Teetotallers and moderate drinkers will probably be at war on this point as long as the world lasts. We will here only venture on one or two very obvious remarks. Whatever may be the digestive advantages of alcohol, nobody ventures to assert that it is a necessity of existence, and therefore working men, whose wages are never a penny too high for their legitimate wants, will save a daily drain of expense by abjuring alcohol till they are—say forty years old. Secondly, the teetotal crusade would never have arisen had not the public conscience become awakened to the frightful misery caused by excessive drinking. Why this sentiment was not aroused earlier is perhaps explainable by the fact that drunkenness causes more wretchedness and degradation now than it did formerly. People who kept early hours, and lived chiefly in the open air, could drink copiously without much harm. The highly-strung nervous town-bred man of the present day is much more liable to be injured by alcohol.

COMPENSATION FOR KILLING.—With a fine feeling a jury have awarded a man 10*l.* in compensation for the death of his son, a bright, industrious boy of fourteen, who was killed by the falling of an ill-secured advertisement board. At about the same time another jury were granting 6,000*l.* to a family for the death of a relative in a railway accident. We believe that these inconsistencies in the award of damages, which are both ludicrous and shocking, are to be explained by a practice very common among juries, by which each jurymen writes down his vote of damages on a slip of paper, the total amount on the slips being afterwards divided by twelve. In this way three or four jurymen who want the damages to be heavy have only to write down each the maximum of 10,000*l.*, and contrariwise if they want low damages they may generally accomplish their purpose by entering noughts. This, however, is not an honest way of giving a verdict, and it suggests that the award of damages would be better made by judges. Three judges sitting as arbiters for compensation would do their work more shrewdly than twelve men who are apt to be swayed by sentiment, and who have little of that acumen which is so necessary in weighing claims and responsibilities. As for railway companies, though no one can desire that they should be punished lightly for culpable negligence, there can be no doubt that they are often grossly

imposed upon. We have heard of a case in which a young man who had lost an umbrella in an accident sent in a claim for 5*l.*, and got paid—the company not caring to dispute the matter. But such impositions are apt to make companies sceptical as to *bonâ fide* losses, and hard in their treatment of real sufferers.

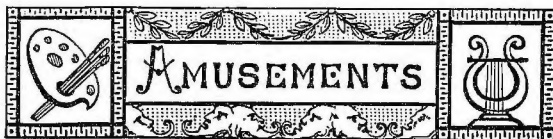
FRENCH ICONOCLASM.—The French are certainly confirmed iconoclasts. Apart from their love for periodically overthrowing their political constitutions, and pulling down the ruling powers of the day, they cannot refrain from visiting their wrath upon any outward and visible sign which may remind them of the object of their anger. Political monuments are treated very much as the Neapolitans and Sicilians treat their saintly images, which they decorate or destroy according to the degree in which their prayers are answered. The vicissitudes of the Vendôme Column and the Chapelle Expiatoire are well known, and streets and avenues named after Royal, Imperial, or Republican heroes are duly rebaptised on the incoming of a new *régime*, while statues of eminent personages are not infrequently removed, and hidden away until the return of a more sympathetic rule. The Versailles Congress has declared the Republic "eternally established," but its guardians are carefully eliminating all vestiges of Imperial emblems, lest by seeing them unstable souls should be led once more to hunger after the fleshpots of the Empire. Even the lamps facing the Paris Opera House are now to be recast, so that future generations may attribute that building to Republican and not to Imperial enterprise. At Deauville, however, a little watering-place at the mouth of the Seine, an energetic protest has been made against this iconoclastic doctrine. Deauville entirely owes its prosperity to the Duc de Morny, and his statue formerly graced the market-place. Republican authorities, however, thought fit to remove the effigy of so noteworthy a partisan of the Empire from its pedestal. Last week the young Duke, aided by some friends, made an attempt to replace his father's statue, and, though thwarted by the police, excited general sympathy in his favour. It is felt that such petty jealousy is beneath the dignity of a great nation, and that it would be as absurd to think that the disappearance of De Morny's statue would obliterate the remembrance of his benefits to Deauville, as to assert that Frenchmen would forget the glorious Napoleonic campaigns were the Invalides razed to the ground.

THE CHOLERA.—The epidemic at one time showed symptoms of abating in Marseilles and Toulon, and consequently a large number of refugees returned. Since then a period of recrudescence has ensued, and, what is perhaps more disquieting, the disease spread into the surrounding districts. Thus far, however, it has confined its ravages to the south-east of France and to a certain district of North Italy. Cases have been reported at Paris, in Switzerland, and more recently in Birmingham, but they have been pronounced by competent authority to belong to the sporadic type of the disease. Still, as we have remarked before, this form of choleraic disease, though it excites little, if any, alarm among the public generally, may be, and is, very fatal. About every sixth person who died last week in London died either of diarrhoea, dysentery, or "English" cholera. In all, 257 persons were thus carried off. Every day which now passes is likely to bring cooler weather, and therefore there is fair hope that, at all events this year, the United Kingdom may escape the pestilence which has caused such misery in the South of France. Perhaps sanitary arrangements, even in the Mediterranean towns, are better than they used to be; perhaps, which is more likely, the disease has lost some of its pristine malignity; but thus far it has certainly not spread with the rapidity and intensity which characterised former visitations.

CHEMISTS AND DOCTORS.—The President of the Pharmaceutical Conference, in his address at the recent annual meeting, grumbled at the social status allowed to chemists in comparison with doctors. He thought it hard that, because chemists are tradesmen, professional etiquette should stand in the way of their being admitted to join with physicians in compiling the National Pharmacopœia. He also remarked that in foreign countries the practice of pharmacy is strictly limited to chemists, and he seemed to think that in Britain doctors ought not to be allowed to trespass on the chemist's preserves by mixing their own drugs. As to this the *Times* was right in pointing out that, before chemists can claim the same rank as doctors, their respectability as a body must rest on guarantees of longer standing than those which exist at present. The Act requiring substantial qualifications in chemists was passed but a few years ago, and it appears that there are still some queer practitioners in the trade or profession. Mr. Henry Clifford, charged with bigamy the other day at the Southwark Police Court, seems to be of their number. If correctly reported by Detective-Sergeant Pickles, he said, when arrested, "I suppose it's the same lot has done this as got me into trouble before." We doubt whether Mr. Clifford's little speech revealed that degree of education which would entitle him to sit on equal terms with an M.D.; but even if we admit that his own faultless utterances may have suffered in repetition by Detective Pickles, it remains a fact that chemists are not, as a rule, the equals of doctors. They

are very often the superiors of young doctors, and even of old ones, in point of money-making, and this ought to be their consolation.

CHEAP RAILWAY TRAVELLING.—"All I hope is that they may have sweeps or navvies riding with them," remarked the Chairman of the London and North Western Railway, when wrathfully announcing to his shareholders that "gentlemen of the first position" had taken to riding in third-class carriages. Why "gentlemen of the first position" should ride first-class, beyond that it would benefit shareholders, is not clear, any more than why they should make their purchases in Regent Street instead of at the Stores, ride in hansoms instead of omnibuses, or drink Château Lafitte instead of bitter ale. The remark has a flavour of childish peevishness in it which is almost laughable. But the fact that more people do ride third-class has been patent for some time past. This is due to a variety of causes—to the enormous difference in price between first and third-class, to the great increase in travelling which has taken place, and which consequently makes "travelling expenses" a serious item in a man's accounts, and more particularly to the greater facilities and comforts provided for third-class passengers. The third-class carriages on the great lines are luxurious conveyances compared to the second-class of a few years ago, and in hot weather are far more airy than the over-much upholstered first-class vehicles. It should be a source of pride rather than of regret to a Railway Company that their efforts in making cheap railway travelling so comfortable are so highly appreciated. The reduction in dividends due to this cause must be absurdly small when compared with the increase of reputation—and reputation means greater passenger traffic—gained by a line. At the same time, there is no doubt that Railway Companies are frequently seriously defrauded by third-class passengers. On local lines third-class season ticket-holders constantly ride first, while in the country it is a frequent practice, especially amongst ladies, to take third-class tickets, and induce the guard (of course, for a consideration) to place them in a superior class carriage. One guard, however, recently caught a Tartar. He had placed two passengers first-class who had no right there, and had received the usual gratuity. Thinking that another inmate of the carriage was under the same obligation, he suggested a similar acknowledgment. The passenger declined, and had the courage to report the circumstance to the Company, who promptly punished the guard. Such "cheap travelling" amounts to nothing less than fraud, and if Railway Companies do their best to make all classes comfortable they have a right to expect in their turn to be honestly treated by the public.



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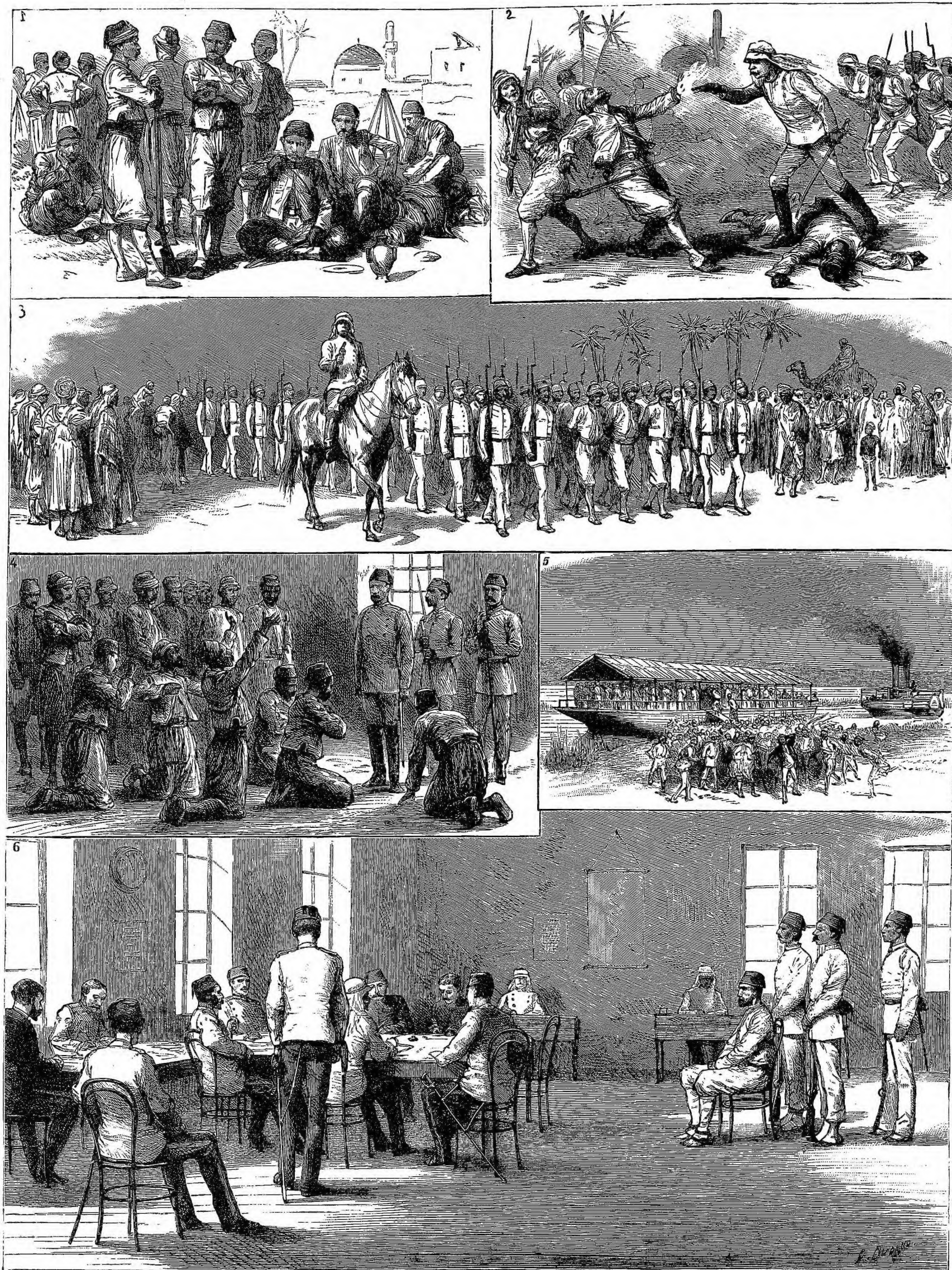
NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "A MISSIONARY'S LETTER TO THE YOUNGSTERS AT HOME," Part I., by the Right Rev. J. Hannington, D.D., Lord Bishop of Equatorial Africa.



THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT NEWCASTLE

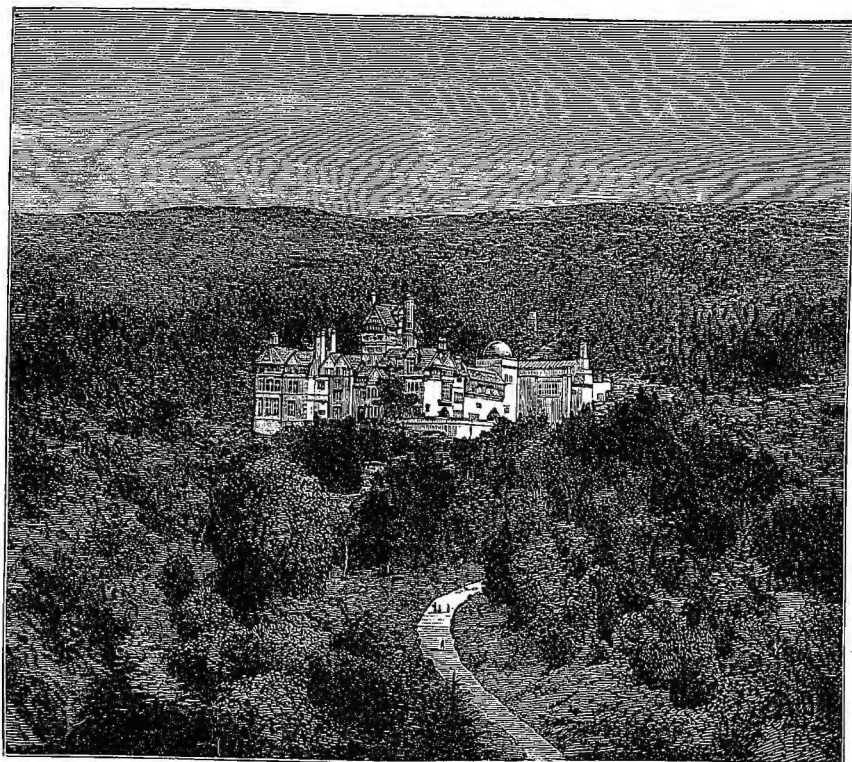
ON Wednesday and Thursday, the 20th and 21st inst., the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor, Prince George of Wales, and the three Princesses, were the guests of Sir William George Armstrong, at Cragside, Northumberland. On the first day the Prince opened the new park of Jesmond Dene, at Newcastle, the munificent gift to the city of his host, and also the Public Library and Museum of Natural History, to which Sir William has been a generous contributor. At the Park, the proceedings included the planting of a tree by the Princess of Wales. On Thursday their Royal Highnesses were taken for a survey of the River Tyne, under the auspices of the Tyne Commissioners, whose new dock at Coble Dene, near Tynemouth, the Prince undertook some time ago to open and name after himself—Albert Edward.

The fine Dene at Jesmond, which has been converted into a shady park by the taste and enterprise of Sir W. Armstrong, was formerly a wild and almost waste place, where children roamed and gipsies encamped. In making the necessary alterations for converting this waste into a pleasure-ground, the natural wildness has been as much as possible preserved. Long before making over the ground as a gift to the city, Sir W. Armstrong, who had purchased and planted it, had allowed the citizens of Newcastle free access on payment of a nominal sum for the benefit of the Infirmary. It has long, therefore, been a familiar and favourite spot. It abounds in fine walks, bridges, dingles, heavy-foliaged trees, and masses of flowers; there is also an old mill, a waterfall, and a grotto.

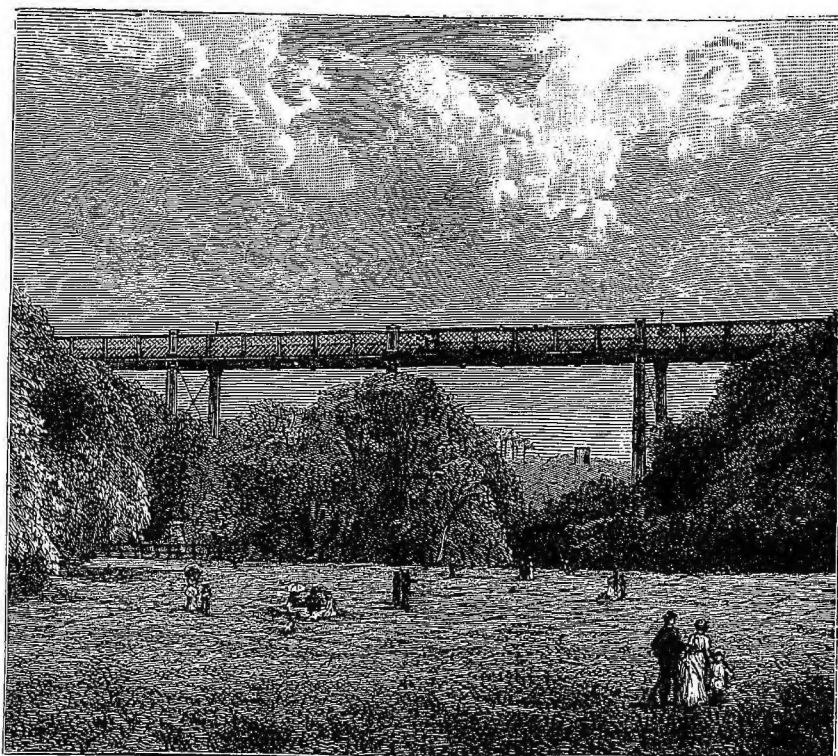


1. "We Don't Want English Officers."—2. A Single English Officer (Col. Grant) Disarms Thirty-two Mutineers.—3. The Mutineers Being Escorted to the Nile Boat.—4. Begging for Pardon.—5. The Embarkation of the Mutineers, and Maltreatment of Messrs. Cook and Son's Agent.—6. Court Martial on the Mutineers at Abassiyeh, Cairo.

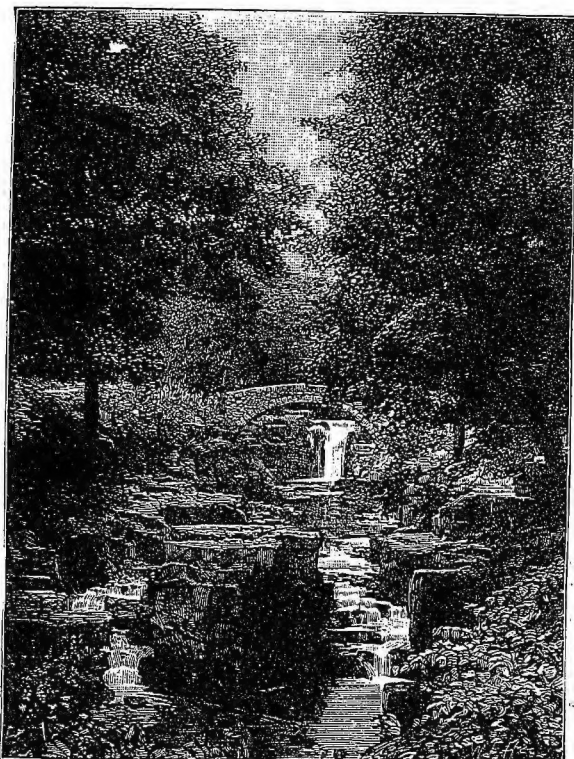
EGYPT—THE MUTINY AT ASSIOUT



CRAGSIDE, FROM SOUTH SIDE OF GLEN



IRON BRIDGE ACROSS THE VALLEY, ARMSTRONG PARK



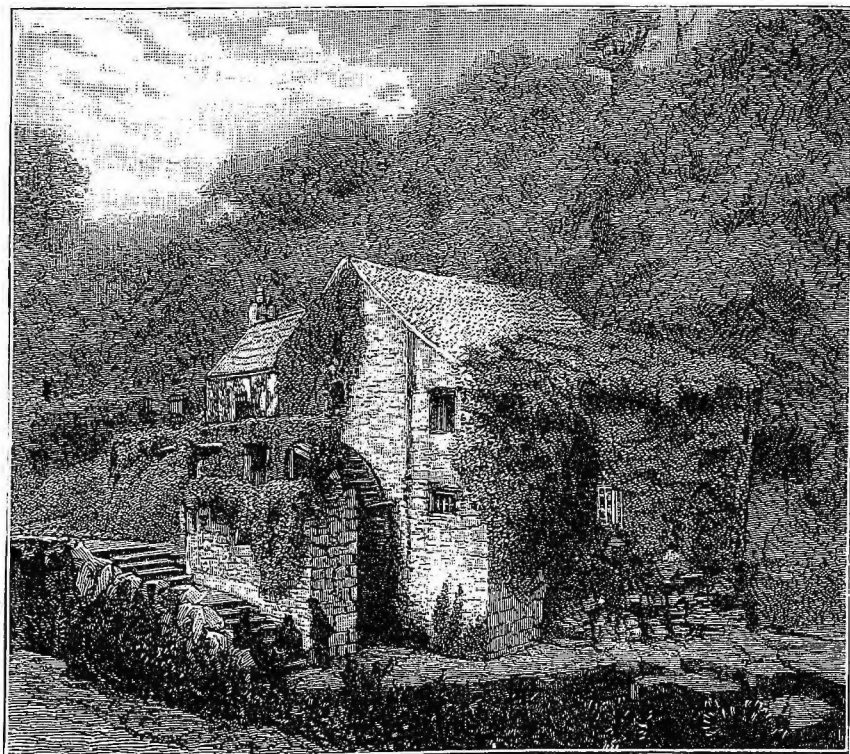
WATERFALL, ARMSTRONG PARK, SEEN THROUGH THE BRIDGE



THE WATERFALL, ARMSTRONG PARK



THE GLEN WATERFALL, CRAGSIDE



THE OLD WATER-MILL, ARMSTRONG PARK



BRIDGE ACROSS THE STREAM, ARMSTRONG PARK

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO NEWCASTLE—VIEWS IN ARMSTRONG PARK AND AT CRAGSIDE

The new dock at Cible Dene, near Tynemouth, has a water area of twenty-four acres. The depth on the sill is thirty feet at high-water spring tides. Sidings from the North-Eastern Railway are made to the dock, where there are about thirteen miles of rail for the accommodation of traffic. A large staith has been constructed, on each side of which are four spouts for loading coal. A vessel 400 feet long can be berthed at each side of the staith, and coal can be shipped at the rate of 800 to 1,000 tons per hour. The construction of the dock, which has cost 750,000*l.*, is intended to develop the import trade of the Tyne.

The old stone bridge which spanned the river was pulled down a few years ago, and a swing bridge erected, enabling large vessels to pass to the upper reaches. Huge piers and the deepening of the entrance have made the Tyne a harbour of refuge. Last year it was so used by 547 vessels. During the same year nearly 10,000,000 tons of coke and coal were exported. Thus "canny Newcastle" still heads the world in the production of "black diamonds."

The High Level Bridge, which was built by Robert Stephenson, is an object of considerable pride to Newcastle people. It has two levels, one for the ordinary traffic between Newcastle and Gateshead; the other, at a greater height, for the railway. The length of this great viaduct is 11,337 feet, and a ship in full sail can pass underneath.

The Quay at Newcastle is now one of the finest structures of that kind in the kingdom. Standing on the spot from whence our artist has sketched it, with its fine buildings on the right, the Quay wall and the river full of craft before you, and the Swing and High Level Bridges in the middle distance, it makes an effective picture.

THE MUTINEERS OF ASSIOUT

It has always been said that Turkish troops under British officers make capital fighting material, and in Turkey Proper this has generally proved to be the case. Egypt, however, has a demoralising effect upon most races, and certainly has not improved the Ottoman. Even at Cairo the Turkish Battalion was notoriously mutinous, and was only calmed down by the stringent efforts of its officers. Thus, out of 200 men whom it was intended to despatch last month to Assiout, only eighty arrived at their destination, and these proved to be in a state of mutiny. When ordered to embark for Assouan they refused, and informed their commander, Colonel Grant, that they would seize upon the ammunition unless three months' advance pay were given to them. The officers, however, aided by the native police, showed a firm front, and having ascertained that thirty of the mutineers had crossed the river, Colonel Grant, accompanied only by five native police, followed them, and traced them to the Sheikh's house in the village of Benimins. Colonel Grant at once entered the house, and as the Turks rushed for their arms shot two down with his revolver. The Turks then retreating to the open deliberately formed in skirmishing order, and fired upon their Colonel, who meantime quietly returned their fire until the mutineers laid down their arms. "It is impossible," wrote the correspondent of the *Times*, "to speak in terms of sufficient praise of Colonel Grant, who is on all hands allowed to have fought and subdued single-handed his mutinous soldiers." The mutineers were eventually secured and taken to prison, the remainder of the battalion being disarmed, and sent back in detachments to Cairo. The only European injured was Mr. Rostoritz, Messrs. Cook and Son's agent, who received a severe blow with a rifle. The court-martial on the mutineers was opened on the 21st ult., at Abassiyeh, the President being the Egyptian General, Tchiudi Pasha, and the members, Colonels Zohrab and Muktar, the English Colonel Watson and Majors Hunter and Marriott. After a somewhat protracted trial eleven of the mutineers were condemned to death. The sentences of eight, however, were commuted to imprisonment for life, while one escaped with a term of fourteen years. The two remaining prisoners—a sergeant and a private—were shot, the firing party consisting of the other mutineers and some blacks and Egyptians. Some of the guns were loaded with blank cartridge, so that the actual executioners might not be known.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. D. Mosconas.

THE NEW PUBLIC OFFICES

THE designs for the new War Office and Admiralty Building were thrown open to public competition. This competition consisted of two parts. First sketch designs were sent in, and then the Commissioners made a selection from these, for which matured drawings were submitted.

For the first competition 128 designs were sent in, nine of which were selected for the second competition. Of these nine, three again were winnowed out, as possessing especial merit, and finally the judges unanimously decided that, "taking the plans and elevation together, and having regard to the conditions of the competition, Messrs. Leeming and Leeming, of Halifax, Yorkshire, have produced the best design, and that therefore they should be employed as architects of the new building." Since then the nine selected designs have been on view to the public at No. 18, Spring Gardens, and, as is always the case when there is some artistic work to be done, and a number of people are invited to compete, the columns of the newspapers have teemed with suggestions and objections.

The design of Messrs. Leeming is in style pure Palladian. Its most noticeable features are the lower corner towers, two facing St. James's Park, and one at the north end of the Whitehall façade, and the campanile at the south end of the Whitehall frontage. It is alleged that this campanile, which is to be 260 feet high, will dwarf the Horse Guards, and that either the campanile will have to be abandoned or the Horse Guards rebuilt in harmony with it. Let us hope that the latter alternative will be adopted. Numbers of excellent architectural designs in this country are spoilt by parsimonious alterations which are insisted on by the people in power.

Messrs. Leeming's design is admitted to be good for ground plan as well as elevation. The rooms of the First Lord of the Admiralty are on the ground floor, near the tower at the left, and the Secretary for War will have his offices under the tower in the centre of the drawing. Our view shows the building as it will appear from St. James's Park. It will be built in Portland stone.

"IN QUARANTINE"

WHETHER or no quarantine is effectual in preventing the introduction of an epidemic into a country is a much-debated point, but it is undeniably a great source of discomfort and inconvenience to the traveller, and of actual danger to certain nervously-constituted persons. To be shut up in a lazaretto, with scanty comforts and bad food, to be shunned by every one as a leper of old, to be treated as if actually smitten with a mortal disease, is a severe trial to the strongest of minds, and is wont seriously to affect constitutions of a less adamant calibre. Perhaps the most comfortable mode of enduring quarantine is on board ship. Not, indeed, on board a hospital hulk, where an unfortunate friend of ours, who had gone to Jamaica for Christmas, recently spent that festival in actual sight of his house in shore, having been thus immured because the mail-packet on which he had come from England had touched at St. Thomas, where there had been cases of small-pox. But on board the vessel which for some weeks has been the traveller's home matters are far more comfortable. It is true that there is a lynx-eyed, yellow-

collared guardian always peering about the deck and cabins, and that another guardian is ever rowing round the vessel, in case some venturesome spirit should attempt to swim ashore; but there is no actual physical discomfort, and a certain amount of amusement can be extracted from the very situation. Conversation with such friends as venture to row to within bawling distance has to be carried on in a tone which precludes the discussion of family secrets, while great fun is to be got out of driving a bargain with the far-off bumboat-man, whose wares are passed to the ship by all manner of devices, while the purchase money is duly washed and disinfected by the ever-watchful guardian before deliver. The writer, when in quarantine on a Greek island, once bought a goat from a goatherd. Negotiations were carried on at a distance of some 150 yards, and these having been concluded, the goat was tethered to a stick, and its owner modestly retired. The *gardien* then advanced and brought in the goat; but then came the question of the delivery of the money. Fortunately it was the sea shore, and the sea was calm, so the *gardien* deposited the money in the water. The goatherd came and fearfully looked at it for fully ten minutes, then raked it out with a long stick, and after it had been well dried in the sun ventured to pocket it.

THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

See page 197.

THE ABYSSINIAN MISSION

WHEN the treaty with King John of Abyssinia had been concluded at Adowah, Admiral Hewett tells in his official report that there was some difficulty in getting the document translated into Amarinian, the official language of Abyssinia, but copies were made of a translation by the interpreter whom Captain Speedy had brought from Cairo. The Amarinian copies were eventually signed and sealed before Admiral Hewett left Adowah, and would have been brought to England by him had not the King expressed his intention of sending them to Queen Victoria by the hand of a special envoy. Nor has King John long delayed the despatch of this mission, which left Abyssinia last month, and was conveyed to Aden in H.M.S. *Woodlark*. There the envoys embarked on board the P. and O. steamer *Malwa*, and arrived in England on Tuesday. On Wednesday they had an audience of Her Majesty, and presented King John's letter, together with various gifts, including an elephant and a large monkey. We are indebted for our sketches—which have been forwarded to us by the Overland Route—to Mr. John Fagan, who writes: "His Excellency Lidji Mearchea Worké, accompanied by His Excellency Lidji John Mashasha Worké, joined the *Malwa* at Aden from H.M.S. *Woodlark*. They are proceeding to England as envoys from His Majesty John, 'King of Kings' of Abyssinia, bearing letters and presents for Her Majesty the Queen. Among the latter is a young elephant, the subject of the accompanying sketches. The elephant is three years old, stands five feet high, his name is 'Gwola,' and he promises to grow to an enormous size. He is very tame and good-natured, and remarkably intelligent. The peculiarity about him is his enormous ears."

A MISSIONARY'S LETTER

See pp. 201 et seqq.

"FROM POST TO FINISH"

A NEW STORY by Captain Hawley Smart, illustrated by John Charlton and Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 205.

A SEASON AT SIMLA

TOWARDS the end of March a rush is made from Calcutta to the "Hills." Simla, the official summer quarters of the Indian Government, becomes full to overflowing; "and at the beginning of the season," writes Lieutenant Francis J. Pink, to whom we are indebted for our sketches, "is like a mobilised regiment which has just received a crowd of reserve men. The various staffs and departmental officials with their families form the nucleus, and these, by giving big parades in the form of balls and dinner parties, soon weld the visitors into a very strong and well-organised society corps. Simla possesses a glorious climate, charming scenery, a small racecourse, a theatre, a club, a good dancing-room, and capital shops; the company includes the Viceroy, the Commander-in-Chief, the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, and their Staffs, together with a host of fair ladies—in fact, every factor exists necessary for a brilliant season.

"Of my sketches I need only say that:—

"Picnics are specialties of the latter end of the season, and are generally said (rightly or wrongly, I don't know) to bring the 'right young people together.'

"Lady Ripon's Outriders' appearing on the 'Mall' is the signal for galloping ponies and tearing 'Jinrichaws' to slacken speed, and as the little phaeton with its pair of ponies appears, hats are doffed and bows are made, and graciously returned.

"Concerning 'The Rains' all that can be said is, that even with the aid of waterproofing from head to toe one usually manages to get wet, and the effect they have upon even the brightest spirits and best of tempers is disastrous.

"The Way We Go Calling' explains itself,—the Janpanies are bearing along their mistress at the pace she so loves to travel, viz., as fast as their brawny legs and the flashing wheels of the 'Jinrichaw' can carry her. These swift-footed fellows are slightly forgetful at times, perhaps, of terrified ponies and hapless pedestrians; still there are no real accidents.

"The next sketch illustrates the terrible fate of a host who has shamefully neglected to beg for dances from his fair guests beforehand. Of course this is an exceptional case.

"Our Little Innocents Abroad' are fresh, wholesome-looking little mites, with bright English complexions, and being, I understand, left considerably to their own resources from an early age, rapidly develop those charming characteristics of our race, viz., freedom of speech and unbending will.

"The Levée's most noticeable feature was the multitude of medalled warriors. Afghanistan and Egypt have added much to the glory of the British uniform, and on this occasion not to possess a medal was to be an object of wonder and commiseration."

A HOLIDAY ON THE CLYDE

UNLIKE the Thames, whose chief beauties are to be found above the metropolis, and whose lower reaches are bordered by flat and marshy banks, the principal river in Western Scotland increases in picturesque quality as it approaches the sea. Hence during the summer months everybody in "Glasgie," who can afford it, goes "doun the watter." The wealthy have their villas on the pleasant margin of the stream, their wives and children dwelling there for weeks together, while Paterfamilias runs up and down in a leisurely way, visiting his counting house or his professional offices at intervals. The middle classes do ditto, though their holiday time is briefer; while the poor man thinks himself lucky if he can get away on board of a crowded excursion steamer for only a single day out of the smoke and strain and turmoil of Glasgow. Our pictures show how the holiday folks enjoy themselves—much, it seems, as in similar resorts elsewhere. Fishing is often particularly good, and sometimes a shoal of herrings appears in such surprising quantities that they can be baled up with a basket.



MR. GLADSTONE'S visit to Scotland, as well as to his constituents, is to be brief. The movement in favour of the Franchise Bill will not, except in Midlothian, be aided by his oratory. In reply to an invitation from some Durham miners to attend a demonstration in that county, he speaks of his inability, during the short interval before the reassembling of Parliament, to undertake any share in public meetings outside his own constituency. He feels it to be needful, the Premier adds, that Ministers should as far as possible avoid at this juncture an activity which might detract, in appearance at least, from the spontaneous character of the demonstrations by which the nation, he is of opinion, is testifying its desire for the Franchise Bill.

CERTAINLY, SINCE MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S appearance at Birmingham, and Lord Hartington's at Manchester, members of the Ministry, and especially of the Cabinet, have rarely spoken at Liberal demonstrations. An exception this week to the general rule was Mr. J. K. Cross's presence at a large demonstration held at Bolton purposely on the anniversary of Peterloo. A mere catalogue of the places at which Liberal meetings have been held in town and country during the past week would occupy considerable space. The movement in favour of the Franchise Bill is noticeably extending from urban to rural and mining districts, where the unenfranchised are a majority of the population. It is spreading, too, north of the Tweed, and a recent demonstration at Aberdeen is described as the largest ever held in the North-Eastern districts of Scotland. Scotch Liberalism is generally unimaginative rather than otherwise, but the gathering at Aberdeen was distinguished by such symbolic displays as a large short-horn bull drawn in a waggon and labelled "Mr. Gladstone," followed by a lean ox, on which a ragged urchin rode, ticketed "Lord Salisbury," while Lord Randolph Churchill was represented by a monkey, and the Conservative working men by a contingent of donkeys. South of the Tweed, a solitary candidate for the Laureateship of the Liberal movement has presented himself in the person of Mr. Algernon Swinburne, who has contributed to a contemporary some musically-indignant verse denunciatory of the Peers and all their works.

THE COUNTER-DEMONSTRATIONS of the Opposition have also been tolerably numerous, and Conservative ex-Cabinet Ministers are not subject to the self-denying ordinance of their Liberal successors. Lord Carnarvon has during the past week been specially exuberant, declaring at Newbury that at this moment the House of Lords represents more faithfully than the House of Commons all that is worthy of representation. The Conservatives continue to cultivate demonstrations "by pic-nic." To-day (Saturday) there is to be a great gathering of Yorkshire Conservatives at Nostell Priory, the seat of the Senior Whip of the party, Mr. Rowland Winn. On both sides, candid observers will probably admit, the persistent threshing of old straw educes more noise than grain.

THE MAORI KING AND CHIEFS are returning home, leaving behind them Major Te Wheoro, until Lord Derby and the New Zealand Government have in conjunction decided what is to be done in the matter of the native grievances. The Lord Mayor gave them a farewell reception at the Mansion House on Tuesday, when King Tawhiao made a valedictory speech in his own language, which, as then and there interpreted, was not without pathos. He professed satisfaction with the arrangement that he should return, and Te Wheoro remain. "Great is your love," he said, "great is your kindness, great is your charity, and we thank you for cherishing us."

THE SPEECHES at another meeting of the promoters of the Manchester Ship Canal showed no diminution in the strength of their determination to prosecute the scheme. At a public meeting of the inhabitants of Manchester, held in the Free Trade Hall, among the speakers in favour of the project were Mr. Jacob Bright, the advanced Liberal, and Mr. Houldsworth, the Conservative, member for the borough. One of the resolutions affirmed that a system of joint committees, consisting of members of both Houses of Parliament, should be adopted for the consideration of private Bills. This suggestion was doubtless elicited, at least partly, by the circumstance that it was the Select Committee of the House of Lords which passed, and the Select Committee of the House of Commons which threw out, the Manchester Ship Canal Bill of last Session.

SIR ANDREW LUSK will undoubtedly retire from the representation of Finsbury at the General Election, but there is no foundation for the report that he is to be raised to the peerage.

THE CONTEST in ROSS AND CROMARTY has resulted in the return of the Liberal candidate, Mr. R. C. Munro-Ferguson, whose father for many years represented the Kirkcaldy Burghs. Mr. Munro-Ferguson polled 717 votes against the 334 of the Conservative candidate, Mr. Mackenzie Younger of Kintail, and the 248 of Mr. Macdonald, the Land-Reform candidate, so that more votes were given to the Liberal than to his two competitors together. There has been no contest in Ross and Cromarty since 1852, when a Liberal was successful by a small majority, and the representation of the two counties has remained ever since in the hands of the Liberal party.

MR. BROADHURST, since 1880 the working men's representative of Stoke, himself formerly a working man, and during the last nine years Secretary of the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress, has declined to exchange these positions for the Inspectorship of Canal Boats, which was created by an Act of the Session just expired, and which has been offered him by Sir Charles Dilke as President of the Local Government Board. The office is to be conferred on Mr. J. Brydson, of Edinburgh, and late of Droitwich.

A NUMBER OF OFFICERS of the Intelligence Department, Commissariat and Transport Staff, left Woolwich on Tuesday for Egypt, to assist in the expedition, if expedition there is to be, for the relief of General Gordon. They took with them elaborate maps, prepared by the Intelligence Department, of the whole route to be followed by a relieving army, from Cairo to Khartoum.

THE EMPLOYMENTS of the sappers and miners, who form the rank and file of the Royal Corps of Engineers, are already multifarious, including as they do a principal share in the execution of the Trigonometrical Survey of the kingdom. Those of the 8th Company at Chatham are now learning engine-driving on the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway, to qualify themselves for their duties in Egypt, where they are to act as a railway corps.

AT SHOEBOURNNESS the first division of the Volunteer Artillery has been succeeded by the second, or Northern, consisting chiefly of representatives of the North of England and of Scotland. At the commencement of operations some alarm was created by a case of reported cholera; the sufferer, however, rapidly recovered. On Wednesday the 2nd Middlesex, for the second year in succession, was adjudged the Queen's Prize given for the best scores made in shot and shell competitions over three days among all the Artillery Volunteers of the Kingdom.—On Saturday the camp of the Engineer Volunteer Corps was formed at Upnor, Chatham, and what with drill and varied engineering work the men are under instruction for twelve out of the twenty-four hours, but in spite of the heat have scarcely suffered at all from illness.

MORE THAN A MILLION of the working class inhabitants of

London annually receive gratuitous relief from its hospitals, of the 5,000 beds in which many are unoccupied from want of funds. The 6th of September being the next Hospital Saturday, the Board of Delegates, representing an industrial constituency in London of 300,000 members, are accordingly appealing to the employers of London labour to remind their workmen of the claims of the metropolitan hospitals. By a development of the existing system of having a collector in each workshop and business establishment they estimate that more than 100,000l. might be raised.

THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF PHYSICAL TRAINING IN BOARD SCHOOLS would seem calculated to meet to some extent the complaint of mental over-pressure in their ordinary instruction. On the plea, however, of insufficiency of apparatus and that the ordinary curriculum of their schools as laid down in the Government Code would be disturbed, the London School Board has declined to accept Lord Brabazon's recent offer of 200l. to both their teachers and scholars for proficiency in gymnastics and swimming in men and boys, and for a knowledge of cookery, Swedish gymnastics, and ambulance work on the part of women and girls. Commenting on this refusal, Lord Brabazon says that when he made his offer he contemplated nothing less than a considerable disturbance, if it were accepted, of the School Board's arrangements, feeling, as he did, that too much attention was being paid to the strictly intellectual portion of education, and too little to the physical and practical needs of the scholar.

THE PRIMARY PHYSICAL REQUIREMENTS of the children attending some of the schools of the London School Board appear to be less cared for than they ought to be. The recent death of a child having been attributed to blood-poisoning caused by neglect of cleanliness in a Board School, the Coroner for Middlesex has addressed a letter to the Holborn Board of Works, directing their attention to the insanitary condition of some of the Board Schools in their district.

THE WIFE—residing at Liverpool—of the steward of the ill-fated *Nisero* has received a touching and interesting letter from her husband, in which he narrates an unsuccessful attempt to escape made by three of the crew, who, on being pursued, jumped into a river, preferring death to captivity, but were recaptured, put into iron, and beaten with sticks. The deaths among the crew at the date of the letter—July 5—had been from cholera. After five months of semi-starvation and shoelessness, he writes that “now, thank God, we are well shod, and have got a few clothes and something to eat.”

THERE HAVE BEEN COLLISIONS at Worthing between the local members of the Salvation Army and a miscellaneous body calling itself the Skeleton Army. Irritated on Sunday by the spectacle of Salvationists parading the streets, the Skeletons attacked them, and were repulsed by the police. On Monday night the mob made an attack on the shop of a Salvationist ironmonger, and were wrecking it when in the *mêlée* a pistol-shot was fired, wounding among others the son of the ironmonger, who was defending himself with a shovel. When the magistrates met on Wednesday to try some of the Sunday rioters, the Skeletons marched round the Hall singing and groaning, and the police on leaving it were stoned. It was thought advisable to send for a troop of the Royal Irish Dragoon Guards, stationed at Brighton, and when they were drawn up before the Town Hall, at 10 P.M., the crowd refusing to disperse, the Riot Act was read, and the space in front of the Town Hall cleared, though without a charge from the Dragoons.

AN AGRARIAN MURDER of the worst type is reported from County Clare. The victim was John Macmahon, an old man, who had become tenant of a portion of some lands formerly occupied by the father of Francis Hynes, who was executed in Limerick for the murder of the herd Doloughy. The lands, being encumbered, had passed into the possession of the Bank of Ireland, but the people thought that they ought to remain idle, and notices to that effect were posted before the letting of them by the Bank. It was for acting in defiance of this prohibition that Macmahon was murdered. He was being driven home from Ennis late in the evening with three companions, when the cart was stopped by three men, one of whom was disguised. They asked whether Macmahon was there. An answer in the affirmative having been given, he was ordered out of the car, and on his refusal he was fired at, the bullet penetrating his right lung. Dragged from the car, he received two more shots, and after running a short way along the road fell to the ground dead. The miscreants went up to him, and, having ascertained that life was extinct, decamped. None of his companions on the car attempted to defend him, two of them actually running away, and they are unable (or unwilling) to identify the assassins.

ON THE MORNING OF FRIDAY LAST WEEK property to the amount of 10,000l. was destroyed by a fire which broke out on the premises of a firm of envelope manufacturers in Little Trinity Lane, Thames Street, and which spread to the adjacent houses. No lives were lost.

THERE IS EVERY REASON to believe that the supposed case of Asiatic cholera at Birmingham was simply one of English cholera.

THE AMOUNT OF THE PERSONAL ESTATE left by the late Duke of Buccleuch in Scotland is 435,316l. That in England is estimated at 467,000l. The whole of the Buccleuch estates are left to the present Duke, suitable provision having been made for the Dowager-Duchess and the other members of the family.

THE FUNERAL OF THE SECOND DUKE OF WELLINGTON took place on Tuesday at Strathfieldsaye, amid a large concourse of spectators. His successor in the Dukedom, formerly Colonel Henry Wellesley, was the principal mourner. Her Majesty, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Cambridge were represented; the Commander-in-Chief by Lord Wolseley.

JACK ASHORE IN FOREIGN PORTS often sorely needs an attractive and respectable place of recreation wherein to spend his evenings, and the success of the little Sailors' Rest and Reading-room at St. Malo shows that such an institution is well appreciated. Though only opened at the New Year, the Rest in the Rue des Cordiers has mustered 1,991 attendances in the first six months, and the sailors have greatly enjoyed the books and newspapers provided, together with a game of chess or draughts and the opportunity of a cheap cup of tea or coffee in a bright comfortable room. This success encourages the promoters to ask for continued help, both of books, newspapers, and money, which may be sent to M. J. Amy, agent S. W. Company, St. Malo; Mr. E. Insley, St. Malo; or Mr. J. Shields, St. Servan, Brittany, France.

THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK includes the death of Baron de Teissier, Lieutenant-Colonel in the British Army, who had served with some distinction in India, and had taken an active part in the local affairs of Hove, besides representing the Church party in the Brighton School Board, in his sixty-eighth year; of Quartermaster-Sergeant John Brook, who, enlisting in the 1st Foot Guards seventy-one years ago, had his knapsack shot from his back at the Battle of Waterloo by a cannon ball which killed several of his comrades, and retiring after twenty-seven years' service was subsequently appointed a Yeoman of Her Majesty's Body Guard, in his eighty-seventh year; of Mr. William Dobson, formerly proprietor and editor of the *Preston Chronicle*, and author of several meritorious works, descriptive and historical, on that town and its neighbourhood, among them “*Rambles by the Ribble*,” in three series, at the age of sixty-four; and of Mr. E. A. Roy, for more than forty years in the Library of the British Museum, where he had risen from the position of an attendant to that of an Assistant Keeper, at the age of sixty-four.



TRANSFERRED to the stage of the GAIETY, and mounted and dressed with great liberality, the comic opera entitled *Dick* seems certainly more at home than at the GLOBE, where it was produced a short time since. It is full of tuneful music, is very cleverly written—Mr. Alfred Murray's lyrics are, indeed, decidedly much above the ordinary level of an operatic libretto—and is supported by a very numerous and efficient company, including Miss Fannie Leslie, Miss Ethel Pierson, Mr. J. L. Shine, Mr. Robert Brough, Mr. Arthur Williams, Mr. H. Monkhouse, and Miss Handley. Much pains have, moreover, been expended in strengthening the humorous element, and hearty laughter is awakened by the drolleries of the three Aldermen in the disguise of Dancing Dervishes, and by the eccentricities of the Emperor of Morocco, and the commander of the Imperial Navy. Many variations there have been upon the old legend of Dick Whittington, but none brighter or more diverting than this has yet been adapted to the purposes of the musical composer, who, by the way, is on this occasion Mr. Edward Jakobowski. *Dick*, which received on Monday an enthusiastic welcome, is preceded by a revival of Mr. Tom Taylor's comedietta, *To Oblige Benson*.

While the Gaiety is thus occupied by a piece and a company which thoroughly sustain the reputation of Mr. Hollingshead's theatre for brilliant musical extravaganzas—for under this general head it is no slight to include Mr. Jakobowski's work—the regular Gaiety troop are, in spite of the hot weather, enjoying a degree of prosperity at the new EMPIRE Theatre which has led to an indefinite prolongation of their engagement there. This week they have been playing Mr. Burnand's *Camaralzaman*, the only missing member of importance being Mr. Edward Terry, whose original character now falls to Mr. Edward Royce, who is able to give to the eccentric fun of the part a complexion which, for want of a more appropriate term, may be described as Roycean. Miss E. Farren, Miss Gilchrist, Miss Phyllis Broughton, and Mr. W. Elton sustain their original characters.

Mr. Edward Terry's benefit and farewell, preliminary to a long round of provincial performances, took place at the Gaiety on Saturday last, when this popular actor appeared in two pieces, not to speak of incidental entertainments, in which his friends Mr. Paulton and Mr. Fernandez lent their aid. The novelty of the programme was Mr. Terry's first appearance in the Play Scene from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, in the part of Bottom the Weaver, which he plays with a characteristic appreciation of its broader strokes of humour, though with no little of that subtlety with which the late Mr. Phelps was enabled to endow this creation. But these mere excerpts from poetical plays do not afford fair opportunity for giving completeness to a conception. In his parting address to the audience, Mr. Terry announced his intention of producing another comedy from the pen of Mr. Pinero, author of *The Rocket*. It will, it appears, be played first in the country.

The White Slave, an American drama by Mr. Bartley Campbell, was played for the first time in this country at the GRAND Theatre, Islington, on Monday last, by a troop calling themselves “Calder's ‘White Slave’ Company.” The intimate association of the play with this official designation of the company may be taken to indicate that *The White Slave* has been found to be greatly to the taste of American audiences. For English sympathies it is a little too heavily weighted with exciting and harrowing incidents. In other words, it is a rather ponderously elaborate melodrama. It seemed, however, to give satisfaction to the audience of Monday evening, who heartily applauded its negro plantation songs and hymns, and exhibited a creditable amount of compassion for the horrors of slavery in those pre-emancipation days in which the story of the play is laid.

At the LYCEUM *The Bells* will be performed this evening (Saturday) and Monday; *Louis XI.* on Tuesday and Wednesday; and on Thursday (28th inst.) the season will close with *Richelieu*, when Miss Ellen Terry, though she has not yet sufficiently recovered the use of her hand to be able to act, hopes to appear and bow her acknowledgments. The Lyceum company will then go to America.

At the PRINCESS's, in consequence of numerous requests, Mr. Wilson Barrett has decided for a few weeks to include *Chatterton* in the evening programme.

Mr. Walter Browne's farcical comedy, *A Wet Day*, was produced at the VAUDEVILLE *matinée* on Thursday, too late for notice this week.

The GREENWICH Theatre, renovated, redecored, and partly rebuilt, has reopened under the management of Mr. W. Morton, who is making a vigorous effort to restore the reputation which the house at one time enjoyed. A very creditable performance of Lord Lytton's *Money* was given on Monday evening.

The *Eva* newspaper publishes this week a series of samples of the dramatic anecdotes in the late Mr. Payne Collier's unpublished diary. They include curious and interesting particulars of celebrated actors, managers, and dramatists.

The American company at TOOLE's Theatre will on Monday appear in another of their popular pieces. Its title is *Needles and Pins*.

Lord Lytton is stated to have written a poetical drama which will probably be produced next winter at a London theatre.

The SAVOY is closed for the present, but will shortly open again with *Princess Ida*.

THE FLOATING ISLAND ON LAKE DERWENTWATER, which is only seen in very hot summers, has just reappeared. This island was first noticed four years ago, when the water was very low, and though now very small, it daily enlarges.

LONDON MORTALITY increased slightly last week, and 1,634 deaths were registered, against 1,624 during the previous seven days, a rise of 10, being 67 above the average, and at the rate of 21.2 per 1,000. There were 242 deaths from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 23), 15 from choleraic diarrhoea and cholera (an increase of 7, and 9 above the average, and including 8 of infants under one year of age), 9 from small-pox (a fall of 7, and 1 below the average), 41 from measles (a rise of 1, and 1 below the average), 19 from scarlet fever (a decline of 11, and 29 below the average, a lower number than that registered in any week since April, 1883), 28 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 9), 32 from enteric fever (a rise of 15, being more than double the corrected average), and 1 from an ill-defined form of fever. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs, which numbered 187 the previous week, declined to 162, and were 14 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 47 deaths—35 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 10 from fractures and contusions, 2 from burns and scalds, 1 from drowning, 2 from poison, and 5 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Ten cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,579 births registered, against 2,212 during the previous week, being 145 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 68.9 deg., and 6.4 deg. above the average in the corresponding week of twenty years. The duration of registered bright sunshine during the week was 52.9 hours.



ULM CATHEDRAL will shortly be completed, after remaining unfinished for nearly 400 years. Begun in 1377, the building was concluded in 1494, with the exception of its towers, which are now being erected according to the ancient design. This cathedral is one of the largest in Germany, being nearly as big as the Cologne Dom.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION MEETS AT MONTREAL next Thursday, and large numbers of members have already arrived in Canada, and are making preliminary excursions. Thus one party has been among the Rocky Mountains, and have reached the end of the track of the Canadian Pacific Railway, after a most enjoyable trip through the North West.

FRAGMENTS OF THE ILL-FATED ARCTIC VESSEL *Jeannette* are stated to have been found near Juliashaab, on the south-west coast of Greenland. The owners of the vessel which discovered the remains assert that the floe carrying these fragments must have drifted westward 2,500 miles, at the rate of four miles daily for three years, as the *Jeannette* sank in long. 155 E., lat. 77 N.

THE BRITISH POSTAL MONEY ORDER SYSTEM comes into force in India on October 1st. As the orders will be payable without advice at any office in the United Kingdom, the innovation will prove most useful for transmitting small sums. Another foreign postal reform will be introduced in Switzerland, where, after November 1st, packets up to ½lb. can be sent by the penny post.

A WELL-PRESERVED POMPEIAN HUMAN SKELETON has just been discovered among some fresh excavations. It is the full-length fossil of a man, apparently struck down in the act of flight. The mouth is open, showing the teeth; the features are still well-defined; the hands are perfect, and evidently held two keys which lie close by; and the legs are spread out, the left being broken.

A WONDERFUL DIAMOND has lately been sent over from South Africa. In the rough it weighs 475 carats, and when cut is expected to weigh 220 carats if in drop form, or 300 carats in lozenge shape. Thus the gem will be considerably larger than any of the famous historical diamonds, as the “Orloff” only claims 195 carats, the French “Regent” 136, and the Kohinoor 106. The colour and purity of the stone are said to be splendid.

A QUIANT HISTORICAL PROGRAMME takes place next week at Bruges, reproducing scenes in the life of Charles the Good, Count of Flanders. There will be a series of portrait groups faithfully copied from ancient prints and descriptions, and many Flemish ladies will take part, wearing the costumes of their ancestresses. One tableau will represent the marriage of Charles's parents, St. Canute of Denmark with Adèle of Flanders; another, Charles's departure for the Holy Land; while one car will minutely reproduce the ancient palace of the Counts of Flanders.

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN gives plenty of work to the industrial, as well as the political, portion of the community. The banners, portraits, medals, and uniforms used in the “parades,” which figure so largely in the contest, occupy considerable numbers of workpeople for months beforehand. This year the popular parade uniform is made of flannel, with the portraits or initials of the candidates elaborately worked in colours on the shirt-front. With this is worn “a rubber cape, richly dyed in lavender, crimson, and bronze, and relieved by silver, gold, and purple borders.”

ONE OF THE BEAUTIES OF SWITZERLAND IS THREATENED—the lovely deep blue Maerglin See, adjoining the Aletsch Glacier. All climbers of the Eggishhorn know this beautiful lake, with the miniature icebergs often floating on its surface, and will regret, from a picturesque point of view, to hear that it is proposed to drain the basin of the greater portion of its contents. In early summer the Maerglin See often overflows, and causes great damage and suffering to the valleys below, so that an opening is to be cut at the eastern end to diminish the volume of water by about one-half, with the view of lessening the floods.

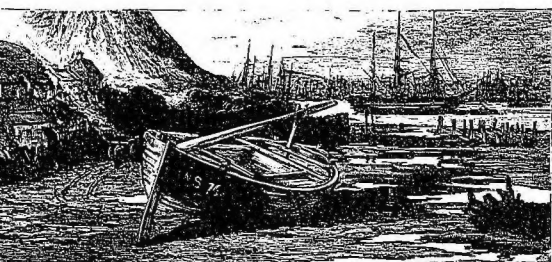
A CAT'S FUNERAL seems an imposing “function” in Japan, judging from a description in the *Japan Weekly Mail*. The favourite Puss of a rich noble lady was lately borne to its last home in a snow-white coffin, covered with a gorgeous white silk pall, while its inconsolable mistress and a large contingent of female mourners followed the remains. Priests chanting a solemn litany met the bier, and escorted it to its grave. Another defunct feline is commemorated by a handsome monument at the gate of the cemetery just outside Tokio, so that the Mikado's Empire must certainly be the cat's paradise—fit for the home of that astute Pussy whose good sense and discernment Prince Krapotkin is now studying in his prison in the stead of more scientific subjects.

AN INTERESTING EXHIBITION OF DECORATIVE ART has been opened in the Paris Palais de l'Industrie—the eighth annual display of the kind organised by the Central Union. This year the collection is devoted to products of wood, stone, glass, and clay, and is particularly good, although the foreign section has suffered from the cholera epidemic which prevented many connoisseurs from contributing to the retrospective exhibition. Some quaint old furniture is shown, most of which belonged to French sovereigns, and the same art section includes admirable casts and drawings of the architectural beauties of Old France. The Sèvres display is also very fine, illustrating both the modern manufacture and the ancient products in historical order, from the foundation of the factory under Louis XV. down to the present time. The different decorative and practical uses of wood are similarly illustrated, from the common broom-handle to the most elaborate panel carvings.

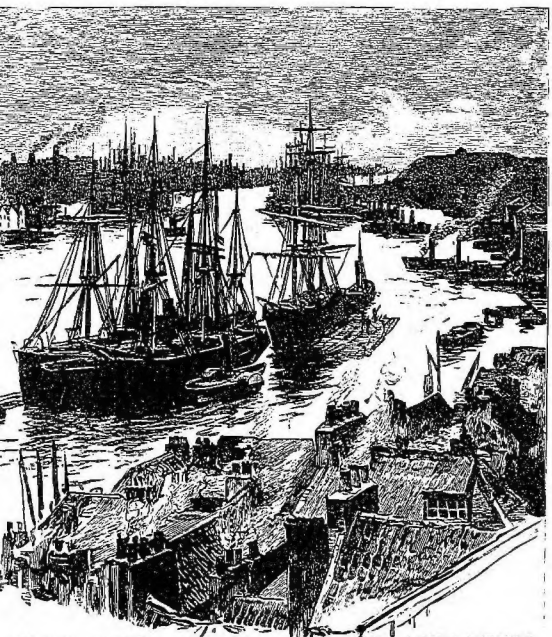
THE SAINTE MARIE, OR FÊTE OF THE VIRGIN, celebrated last Friday, has been one of the most popular festivals in France since first instituted in 1638. Louis XIII. then placed his kingdom under the Virgin's special protection, and ordered processions to be held in her honour alike in Paris and the chief French towns. The procession from Notre Dame was especially grand, being attended by the King and all the Parisian officials. In later years the fête still maintained its religious character, but under Louis XV., although the theatres were shut, such worldly recreations were introduced as morning sacred concerts in the Tuileries. During the last part of Louis XVI.'s reign the Court and fashionable Parisians spent the evening of the Sainte Marie in the Bois de Boulogne, where they witnessed wild beast combats, struggles between ferocious dogs and bulls, and the inhuman spectacle of an unfortunate ass being worried by dogs—from which one of the old Parisian barriers was for many years called the *Barrière du Combat*. Fireworks completed the evening's amusement. Though these festivities have passed away every Gallic Marie, Maria, Mariette, or Marianne expects some little present on her name-day, and the poorest person is sure to receive at least a bunch of flowers. Thus August 15th is one of the busiest days in the Parisian flower markets, where some 500 extra baskets of blossoms arrive—chiefly roses, and prices rise two-thirds. Among more costly gifts for Maries, bracelets were the favourites this year, either thin silver bangles with pendant letters forming the name, or gold circlets with a diamond and ruby horseshoe surrounded by the motto “For Ever” in English.



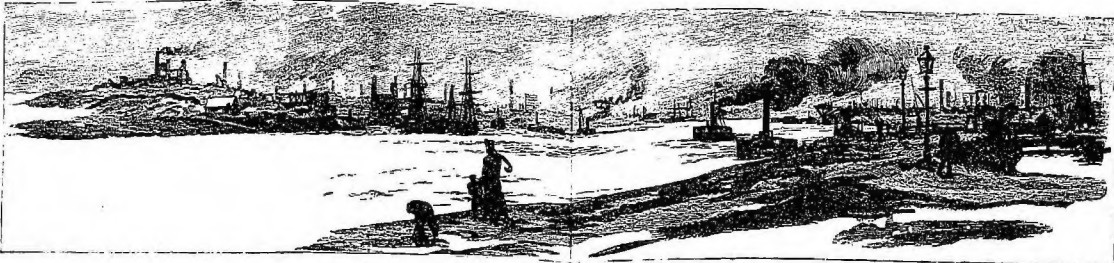
ST. MARY'S CHURCH. GATESHEAD



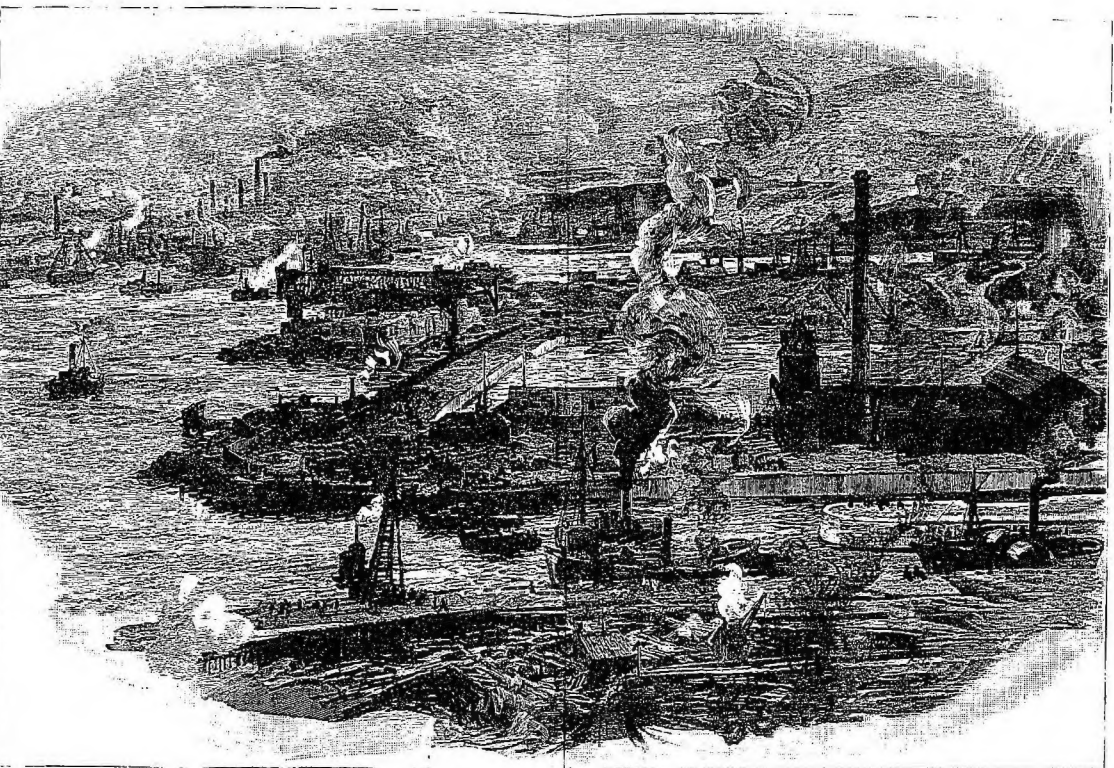
COBLE DENE, BEFORE THE NEW DOCK WAS MADE



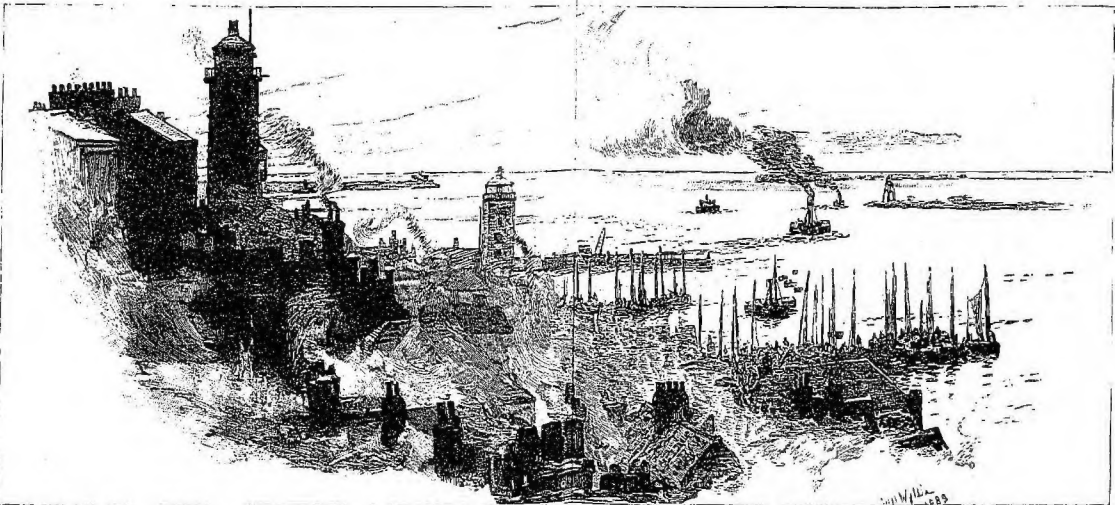
SHIELDS HARBOUR



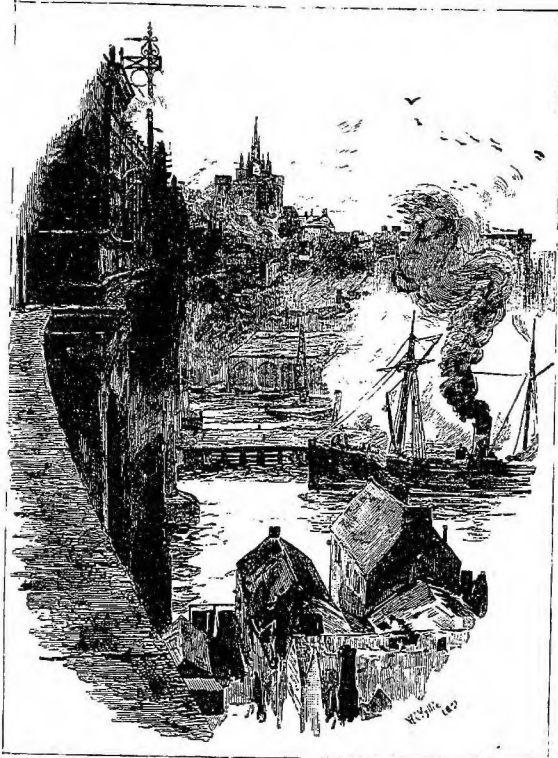
THE TYNE—LOOKING UP STREAM



GENERAL VIEW OF THE ALBERT EDWARD DOCK



MOUTH OF THE TYNE



THE HIGH LEVEL BRIDGE



VESSEL PASSING THROUGH THE SWING BRIDGE

THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES TO NEWCASTLE



THE coming autumn Soudan campaign is being vigorously organised in EGYPT. Major-General Earle is appointed to the command, with General Buller as chief of his staff, and the expeditionary force will be pushed forward as soon as sufficient reinforcements and means of transport can be had. Probably, however, the main body will not leave Assouan till the end of October, as the boats ordered from England to convey the men can scarcely arrive before—though, indeed, many authorities on the spot declare that there are plenty of suitable dahabeahs available without waiting for the British supplies. Delays are warmly deprecated, and it is very widely felt that not only is the expedition almost too late in starting, but that it is hardly strong enough. Unfortunately the Nile has already begun to fall, although usually the decrease does not commence before the end of September. This materially increases the transport difficulties, as at present the steamers cannot be dragged up the cataracts, and the stores have to be taken by land. Beyond Wady Halfa there are still remains left of the old Nile and Soudan Railway, which is to be repaired as far as Sarra—two-thirds of the way to the next depot at Semneh—and will prove very useful. Although no official announcement has yet been made, it seems fairly certain that the relief expedition will follow the route we mentioned last week, up the river to some point near Dongola, and thence across the desert to Khartoum. The bad Nile, however, may modify this plan, as if the river is very low the column will be obliged to start from Suakim after all. The Mudir of Dongola has duly provided most of his promised aid in men, boats, and camels, and will now assist to win over the Kabbabish Arabs by bribes and reducing taxes, so that this important tribe of some 8,000 horsemen may not molest our troops when crossing the desert. Major Kitchener is still waiting at Debbah to interview the Kabbabish chief, Saleh Agha, and forwards a rumour that 800 rebels are advancing from El Obeid, to join another body on the road, after having attacked and defeated the friendly Sheckeyeh. Other reports assert that Osman Digna's followers are discouraged, and that 3,000 have left his camp before Suakim. The remnant are stated to make demonstrations to keep up appearances, but at all events the rebels have been extra active lately round Suakim, and successfully carry off live-stock, while the British force are not strong enough to do more than pursue for a short distance. On Monday night the enemy attacked in force, but were thoroughly beaten. Otherwise the rebels are quiet enough, and another letter from General Gordon to the Mudir of Dongola, dated July 20, states that Khartoum is perfectly tranquil. He says that all are well in the town, and asks anxiously for news.

Another large demonstration of the indemnity claimants took place at Alexandria on Saturday, but all dispersed quietly on the Governor making plentiful promises in the Khedive's name. Now the Khedive goes to Cairo to receive Lord Northbrook, whose arrival is anxiously expected, and is considered to augur very radical changes in the Government.

The relations between FRANCE and CHINA remain in a most precarious condition, and a declaration of hostilities may be expected at any moment. Indeed it has been repeatedly stated that China has declared war, while M. Ferry and the French official Press as strenuously assert that France is not at war with the Celestial Empire, but merely intends occupying certain points as guarantees, Admiral Courbet, indeed, being ordered to take possession of the Foochow Arsenal. This is a style of warfare which was carried on in Tunis and Tonkin, while the head Governments maintained the ordinary diplomatic relations, but it is doubtful whether China will allow M. Ferry to play the same game in the present case. At all events the Chinese Plenipotentiaries charged with the negotiations have been summoned back from Shanghai, the provincial authorities have been ordered to prepare for war, and a considerable force is announced to be marching towards Kelung. In France, two more days were granted to the Chinese for consideration, and Li Fong Pao was to have a final interview with the French Premier on Thursday to endeavour to arrange matters. M. Ferry still hesitates, considering alike the complications likely to arise with the European Powers in the event of war and the seizure of the treaty ports, and the very poor support the country has given him on the subject. True, the Premier obtained his requested 1,522,000*l.* for Tonkin expenses, and a tiny vote of confidence to boot, but the majority of the Deputies, even his supporters, kept away from the debate, where he endured some very uncompromising criticism. M. Ferry's defence was weak, and disappointed the public by giving little information of the Cabinet's intentions. To atone for these unsatisfactory conditions the Ministry make much capital of their influence in Annam, where the Regents were obliged to defer their choice of a new King to the French Resident. Me Trieu has been crowned under French protection, and the Gallic troops have occupied the citadel at Hué.

Parliament has closed, and most of the Deputies are attending the Provincial Councils-General, which, though eschewing politics, give a very fair indication of popular feeling. The Lower House reassembles in October to discuss the Budget; but the Senate does not meet till later, when a battle-royal may be expected over the Bill on Senatorial Elections agreed to by the late Congress. This measure provides that the present life-Senators, on dying out, shall be replaced by nine-year Senators elected both by the Lower and Upper Houses; while it is proposed to augment the number of Municipal delegates who share in the election of three-fourths of the Senate by increasing the list of delegates in proportion to the size of the Commune. At present Paris has no more delegates than the smallest Commune. Further, Royal Princes will be ineligible even as candidates for the Senate. Another important Bill will provide for increased protective duties on foreign cattle, which are poured into France in such numbers as to deter agriculturists from breeding at home. One new measure in force—the Divorce Law—is being so appreciated that the Court is crowded with applications, and many must be deferred.

The adage that familiarity breeds contempt certainly applies to the cholera epidemic in the South of France; for, though the disease quietly creeps on from village to village, comparatively little attention is paid to the matter except on the immediate spot. Yet the mortality at Marseilles and Toulon has again slightly increased, probably owing to the continued heat and the return of many refugees. Recent cases, too, terminate more suddenly than at the beginning of the epidemic. Many small villages in the infected district are fairly decimated, and both at Arles and Aix the population are very despairing; but the news from the whole neighbourhood is mainly a repetition of former melancholy stories of panic and suffering. Nor is the situation much more satisfactory in ITALY, though the disease reaches no great proportions, but continues to produce isolated cases. The province of Bergamo is now the worst affected. The Government has requested the various Prefects to enforce cleanliness in all villages, and a stronger cordon has been drawn round the infected region.

The meeting of Prince Bismarck and Count Kalnoky at Varzin has produced a perfect deluge of theories and speculations in

GERMANY. Under present political conditions the Austrian Foreign Minister's visit is regarded as of more than ordinary importance—an impression heightened, moreover, by the Chancellor persuading his guest to prolong his stay. Of course the two statesmen's deliberations are little likely to be revealed, save by their results; but it is generally believed that the main points discussed were the strengthening and extension of the Austro-German Alliance, and the situation caused by the failure of the London Conference. Egyptian affairs predominated, so says public opinion, and Prince Bismarck is credited with most sinister designs against the whole British policy in Egypt, while it appears pretty certain that the Chancellor would not fail to push his pet project of placing the Egyptian sanitary question under International discussion. By supporting Germany's proposals to discuss the latter subject at the Conference, Italy seems to have atoned for her over-friendliness towards England—a grievance which was expected to compromise her position in relation to the Austro-German Alliance—and the German Government have formally thanked the Italians, thus following the British Ambassador's example. Compliments of a different nature are showered on England, and though moderate thinkers point out that the unabated chorus of abuse indulged in by the Press does not represent true German feeling, it is also remarked that the inspired journals are as fierce as their independent contemporaries. Indeed, Teutonic organs have not been so virulent against the British for many years. Across the border the French are slily delighting in the ill-feeling displayed, as likely to sow discord between the two countries whose union they fear. The Germans harp persistently on the Angra Pequena subject, and on England's arbitrary and jealous conduct in Africa, while the fact that Germany has taken the initiative in proposing a Conference on Congo affairs plainly shows that Prince Bismarck's colonial policy will be limited to no narrow region. Meanwhile a rumour comes from the Gold Coast that a German war-vessel has pulled down the British standard flying at Bageida—which was lately taken under British protection—and hoisted her own flag, while the German Imperial Commissioner, Dr. Nachtigall, has also taken possession of Bimbia, in the Cameroon region, where the Hamburg commercial interest is strongly represented.

As theories are the order of the day, the rumour has once more arisen of an interview between the three Emperors, and this meeting is set down as the cause of the German autumn manoeuvres being deferred till September 15th, when the Emperor and numerous Princes and Royal guests, will witness the proceedings in the Rhine valley. Another Royal gathering will be held later on, to keep the Golden Wedding of the Prince and Princess of Hohenzollern, where the Emperor William intends to be present.—Two French military spies have been caught at Coblenz.

Like her neighbour, RUSSIA is thinking of Imperial gatherings; for even should the three Emperors not meet, it is expected that the Czar will see the Austrian Sovereign on his way to Warsaw. Similar rumours, however, have come to nought in previous years. Meanwhile Warsaw is making great preparations for her ruler, who will stay three weeks in Poland. All doubtful persons have been expelled, and the streets and public buildings are being repaired, to put a cheerful face on the city. Official reports state that the Warsaw plots have been much exaggerated; but, on the other hand, we hear of fresh Nihilist outrages and of a terrific dynamite explosion at Kazan. The Czar has gone to the naval manoeuvres at Cronstadt, and certainly the Russian fleet seem to need practice, judging from the accounts of collisions, running aground, &c., during the preliminary operations. It is proposed to extend the Trans-Caspian Railway to Askabad.

Once more the Afghan Frontier Commission seem likely to defer their departure from India till the spring. Unless they leave by October, winter will effectually prevent their work. Apparently the Ameer feels unable to answer for the Commission's safety, even with its increased escort of 400 men, and a second letter has been sent to him repeating the request. In case he cannot guarantee the route by Candahar and Girishk, a British officer has gone to survey the desert route. Sir R. Sandeman has already partially explored the latter road, and reports no great difficulties. The other border expedition—the Zhob Valley campaign against Shah Jehan of the Kakar Pathans—starts on September 12, also from Quetta. Originally two columns were to have surrounded the rebel chief, the second advancing from the north, but owing to the dangerous Shin-warris only one force will start under General Tanner. The Indian wheat harvest is expected to reach the average, and fair rain has improved the prospects of other crops. The dispute concerning Calcutta sanitation has resulted in the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal appointing a special Commission to report on the subject.

Ghastly tales of the Greely Expedition form the chief theme in the UNITED STATES. Whilst Lieutenant Greely denies all knowledge of cannibalism, and asserts that his men have separately and solemnly declared their innocence, the state of both Lieutenant Kisingbury's and Whistler's bodies, when exhumed, furnished a plain proof that the accusation is only too well founded. The examining doctors testify that the flesh had been completely cut away, and Kisingbury's relatives demand investigation. Further, they hint that Greely was jealous of Kisingbury, and that the Expedition was divided into two parties, of whom the weaker perished from starvation, if not by foul means. Dr. Pavy—said to have committed suicide—is also believed to have furnished food for his comrades, and certainly his body mysteriously disappeared before reaching St. John's, while it is noted that all bodies stated to have been washed away were those of men who died in June, when it is expected that the cannibalism commenced. Lieutenant Greely officially reports that Private Henry was shot for repeated thefts, though apparently he was killed by surprise, being stronger than the others. Fresh bodies are now to be exhumed, but public opinion almost excuses the unhappy survivors, even for cannibalism, in their extremity. To take a less painful side of the Expedition, Lieutenant Greely scarcely thinks that any party can ever reach the Pole. If made at all the successful journey will be by Franz Josef Land. He believes in an open Polar Sea, and states that life might be borne for ten years at Lady Franklin Bay, although physical strength must deteriorate there, even under the most favourable conditions.

There has been a faint revival of interest in the Presidential campaign on General Butler accepting his nomination as candidate after consulting with Mr. Blaine. His address denounces both parties, and suggests that a People's party of working men should be organised. Governor Cleveland has also issued his acceptance, but, through anxiety to steer clear of dangerous questions which may alienate his supporters, the document is brief and little noteworthy. Thus it ignores the important tariff question altogether.

Amongst MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS the Liberals in BELGIUM held a grand demonstration at Ghent against the Education Bill, and have decided, should the Bill be passed, to summon a monster meeting at Brussels to petition the King to refuse his sanction.—King Alphonso of SPAIN has inaugurated the new railway, completing the line between Madrid and Gijon in the North. The King and Queen are now cruising round the coast, and it is hoped the sea air will benefit King Alphonso's health, which is again said to be very delicate. The sentence of death passed on Señor Zorilla for his share in the military rising last year has been officially confirmed by the Supreme Council of War.—In DENMARK the Medical Congress at Copenhagen has closed after a most successful gathering. The next meeting takes place at Washington in 1887.—TURKEY has quietly given in for the present both in the matter of the Sanitary

Board and the mails, as it is announced that the service to Varna will be "provisionally suspended."—The late edict against hawking in ROUMANIA weighs most heavily upon the unlucky Jews, who form eighty per cent. of the hawkers. Thus 20,000 Jewish families are destitute, and it is plainly evident that the edict was ingeniously framed to turn the Jews out of the country, as more open measures were prevented by the Treaty of Berlin.—As usual affairs in SOUTH AFRICA are thoroughly unsatisfactory. After ratifying the new Convention fixing the Transvaal boundary the Volksraad now violently abuses the Convention and the British authorities, and apparently aims at revising the arrangements, and getting fresh command of Bechuanaland. That country is highly disturbed, for the Boers surround our ally, Montsioa, and have also taken up arms in Stellaland, while the High Commissioner, Mr. Mackenzie, has resigned through differences with the Cape Government.



THE Queen presented new colours to the 1st Battalion of the Seaforth Highlanders (Duke of Albany's) at Osborne on Saturday. All the members of the Royal Family staying in the Isle of Wight were present at the ceremony, when Her Majesty, after handing the colours to Lieutenants Campbell and Monro, made a brief speech, alluding to the battalion having carried the Duke of Albany's remains, and the regiment marched past the Royal party. Later the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove out and met the regiment on the march, while three of the officers, Lieut.-Colonels Stockwell, Guinness, and Murray dined with Her Majesty, and Captain Lendrum and Lieutenants Campbell and Monro were subsequently received in the Drawing-room. Next morning the Queen with Princess Beatrice, the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany and their daughters, and Prince and Princess Louis of Battenberg attended Divine Service in Osborne House, where the Dean of Windsor officiated. The Prince and Princess of Wales afterwards visited Her Majesty, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, with the Countess Dornberg and the Dean of Windsor, dined with the Queen. On Wednesday Her Majesty received the Abyssinian Mission, who presented a letter from King John and several gifts, including a young elephant.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have gone to Scotland. Before leaving the Isle of Wight, they entertained at lunch on Saturday Mr. Alderman Whitworth, who presented the Prince with 3,000*l.* to establish a Portsmouth Scholarship at the Royal College of Music. On Monday the Prince and Princess, with their daughters and Prince George, crossed to Portsmouth in the *Osborne*, and came up to Claremont to lunch with the Duchess of Albany. Prince Albert Victor, who had arrived from Heidelberg in the morning, joined his parents at Claremont, and on arriving in town the Prince and Princess, with their two sons, went to the Lyceum Theatre. Next day the Royal party left for the North, and were privately received in the evening at Cragside, Sir W. Armstrong's residence, about twenty miles north of Newcastle. On Wednesday morning they visited Newcastle, and went in State procession through some of the most thickly populated districts—this route being chosen at the Prince's request—to Jesmond Dene, where the Prince declared the New Park open, and the Princess planted a tree. They next inaugurated the New Natural History Museum, and, after a grand luncheon at St. George's Hall, opened the Reference Department of the Free Library, returning thence to Cragside for the night. The Royal party on Thursday steamed down the Tyne to the new deep-water dock at Coble Dene, which the Prince opened, and christened the "Albert Edward," and after luncheon went on to Tynemouth to view the piers and works, whence they went back to Cragside. They were to leave yesterday (Friday) for Dalmeny, near Edinburgh, on a visit to Lord and Lady Rosebery until Monday. Thence they go to Abergeldie for a few weeks, visiting Aberdeen next Thursday to present new colours to the Aberdeenshire Highlanders. The Prince and Princess will visit Lord Fife at Mar Lodge during the first week in September, to be present at the Braemar gathering, and the Prince will later stay with Mr. Christopher Sykes for Doncaster races.

The Duchess of Edinburgh is also in Scotland, having joined her little girls at Birkhall. The Duke is expected in September, and is now with the Channel Squadron at Blacksod Bay, Co. Mayo. Whilst with the Squadron in Galway Bay last week he was entertained by the Galway Club at lunch, and by the officers of the Suffolk Regiment at a tennis party, and also had some fair salmon fishing.—Princess Louise has gone to Gastein, and crossed with Count Gleichen and his daughter to Flushing in the ordinary mail steamer.—The infant Duke of Albany is much better, and is able to go out, while the Duchess continues well.

The King of Sweden left Taymouth Castle on Saturday, and inspected the works of the Forth Bridge on his way to London.—The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany were to leave the Isle of Wight yesterday (Friday).



THE WYCLIF QUINCENTENARY COMMEMORATION COMMITTEE are about to issue in pamphlet form the sermon on the great Reformer preached in London by the Bishop of Liverpool on the 21st of May last. They are also arranging for a celebration of the Quincentenary in the chief provincial towns.

CLERGYMEN, like many other members of the community, take a yearly holiday; but, unlike many others, they must find substitutes when absent from duty. Sometimes the candidate who offers himself as a *locum tenens* is an unworthy member of the clerical body, though he may succeed in procuring testimonials as to character. Cases of this kind having come under the notice of the Bishop of Chichester, he informed the clergy of his Diocese, when beginning this week his Triennial Visitation, that each of them will be expected to keep a book in which the name of every change-preacher is to be entered, and that no *locum tenens* shall be employed before his name has been submitted to the Bishop for approval.

THE LATE DEAN STANLEY was in the habit of accompanying parties of working men through Westminster Abbey, and of discoursing to them on its architectural and monumental history. The correspondent of a provincial contemporary describes as similarly occupied, on Saturday in St. Paul's, an ecclesiastical celebrity belonging to a school very different from that of the late Dean of Westminster. He says that, looking into St. Paul's that afternoon, he found in one of the naves a crowd of unmistakably working people hanging upon the lips of Canon Liddon, who was taking them round the building and explaining every object of interest.

PREACHING LAST SUNDAY at St. Peter's, Cornhill, the anniversary sermon of the Colonial and Church Society, the Rev. A. Rust, English Chaplain at Dunkirk, remarked that there was probably

never a more opportune time than the present for the propagation of Evangelical Christianity in France, since Romanism was fast losing its hold on the French masses.

CONTESTING THE ARGUMENTS AND STATEMENTS in a recent elaborate defence of a moderate use of alcoholic beverages, the Rev. H. J. Ellison, Chairman of the Church of England Temperance Society, thus refers to the assertion that "all the best work of the world, intellectually and physically, has been done by moderate drinkers, and that the work of total abstinents has been of a very commonplace kind." Taking his own calling, Canon Ellison asks "Who are among the greatest scholars and most hard-working of our Bishops? Common consent would say, the Bishops of Durham, Exeter, Rochester, Gloucester and Bristol, and Bedford. They (and many others) are total abstinents. Who among our Archdeacons? Farrar, Norris, of Bristol; Earle, of Totnes; Bardsley, of Liverpool. Who among members of the Roman Communion? Cardinal Manning. Or among Nonconformists? Mr. Spurgeon, Mr. Stopford Brooke. They are all total abstinents."

CONVERSIONS FROM MAHOMEDANISM TO CHRISTIANITY are very rare, particularly among educated Moslems. One of the most notable instances of the kind is that of the Rev. Imad-ud-Din, chaplain to the Bishop of Lahore, on whom the Archbishop of Canterbury has conferred the degree of D.D., being the first time, it is said, that this distinction has been bestowed on a Moslem convert. Before his conversion, in 1864, he was an ardent advocate of Mahomedanism *versus* Christianity. After his conversion he became Examining Chaplain to the Bishop of Calcutta, and has compiled commentaries in Hindustani on the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John, and on the Acts of the Apostles.

AT THE ANNUAL FÊTE OF THE CATHOLIC TOTAL ABSTINENCE LEAGUE OF THE CROSS, held at the Crystal Palace, Cardinal Manning presided over a gathering of more than 25,000 total abstinents; and, congratulating them on the success of the League, he said that many years ago, at a meeting of working men, one of them rose and exclaimed, "If your good priests put themselves at our head, we will promise to follow them." He had induced the priests to do so, and the flocks had followed the priests.

CONGREGATIONALISTS are lamenting the recent death of Mr. R. T. Hudson, of Chester, a wealthy manufacturer, who was treasurer jointly with Mr. Samuel Morley, M.P., of the Jubilee Fund of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, and who, besides other benefactions to Congregationalism, contributed to that fund no less than 20,000*l.* under his own name, in addition to various sums given by him anonymously.



OPERATIC MATTERS.—The operatic situation has but slightly altered. There is little fresh news about the Royal Italian Opera, Limited. It seems, however, that there may be a difficulty in realising one at least of the assets. But even if the company be ultimately wound up, it does not by any means follow that no opera season will be held at Covent Garden. Madame Patti has, it is true, now admitted that Mr. Mapleson holds her contract for the next London season, and therefore the most popular and expensive of living operatic artists has been lost to Mr. Gye. But unless the ground lease of Covent Garden Theatre be sold to the Duke of Bedford for the purpose of enlarging the existing market—an event which would affect many powerful interests—there is no reason why opera of some sort should not be given at the Bow Street opera house next summer. It would not indeed surprise opera-goers if Mr. Mapleson opened there next season, the name of the manager, and to a slight extent the *personnel* of the troupe, alone being changed. There is much to be said in favour of this view, for although Mr. Mapleson has certain rights (which he is empowered to relinquish) over Drury Lane, yet that house has never been popular for Italian opera, while, as Her Majesty's is denuded of scenery and stock, it would be a costly matter for any manager to reopen that theatre for a regular opera season. As to opera in America, which is now very closely bound up with the question of opera in England, nothing definite has been settled. Here again matters depend very much upon the decision of Mr. Mapleson, who has once more become the central figure of operatic politics. Mr. Mapleson, holding the contracts of Mesdames Patti and Scalchi, can, if he elect, use those artists for concert purposes, or he can have an opera season at the Academy of Music, or he can nominate his son, Mr. Charles Mapleson, to open the Metropolitan opera-house. Meanwhile, the statistics of the past London season have been prepared. It seems that there were fifty-three representations of Italian opera at Covent Garden. Twenty operas were performed. *Faust* heads the list with seven representations, followed by *La Traviata* with five, *Les Huguenots* and *Le Nozze di Figaro* with four, *Romeo et Juliette*, *Il Trovatore*, *Carmen*, *La Gioconda*, *Sigurd*, and *Mefistofele* with three, *Aida*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Don Giovanni*, *Il Barbiere*, and *Semiramide* with two, and *Dinorah*, *L'Africaine*, *L'Etoile du Nord*, *Lucia*, and *Linda* with only one representation. For the first time for many years no opera by Bellini was performed at all, while Wagner, Auber, Flotow, Beethoven, Weber, and other composers were likewise unrepresented during the Italian season. In regard to the *prime donne* the work was almost equally divided, and the suggestion that any favouritism was shown to Madame Albani is baseless. Madame Patti sang eleven times, Mesdames Lucra fifteen, Albani fourteen, Sembrich ten, Durand nine, Scalchi ten, and Tremelli seventeen times. The gentlemen had harder work. M. de Reszké sang on no fewer than twenty-two occasions, Marconi twenty-eight, Cotogni twenty-four, Devoyod sixteen, Mierzwinski thirteen, Soulauroix seven, Jourdain three, and Nicolini three times. Signor Bevnigiani conducted thirty-three and M. Dupont twenty performances.

DEATH OF HERR LÖWENBERG.—The clever young pianist, Herr Löwenberg, who a few years ago won considerable success at Mr. Ganz's orchestral concerts and elsewhere, died last week at Vienna, at the early age of twenty-eight. He was a pupil of Eppstein and Rubinstein. Herr Löwenberg settled down in Vienna a year or two ago, and became a Professor of pianoforte-playing at the Conservatoire there.

MADAME PATTI.—The concert given by Madame Patti in aid of the Swansea Hospital last week proved very successful. After the performance Sir Hussey Vivian, in the name of the Committee, thanked her; and Mr. Ganz, at her request, responded. This week Sir Hussey Vivian called at Madame Patti's mountain home, Craig-y-Nos, and presented her with her portrait in oils. It is not quite settled whether Madame Patti will sing in Paris this autumn; but she will sail for New York, under Mr. Mapleson's management, on November 1st.

SIR MICHAEL COSTA'S LIBRARY.—The library of the late Sir Michael Costa was sold last week, but the prices realised were low. A French edition of Beethoven's Symphonies only fetched a guinea. Wellington's "Supplementary Despatches," with autograph, sold for 4*l.*, and Beethoven's Mass in D for 3*l.* 10*s.* Costa's medals and batons were sold recently. The ivory and gold baton, given by Mr. Sims Reeves, realised 8*l.*, probably about a third of its cost.

A gold ring with brilliants, inscribed "Augustus Frederick, 1832," went for 6*l.* 10*s.*; a portrait of Handel for 7*l.* 5*s.*; and a gold medal inscribed "Prinz von Preussen," presented by the German Emperor in 1858, was knocked down for 3*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

"MANON."—M. Massenet's new opera *Manon*, adapted by Mr. Joseph Bennett, will be the Christmas novelty of the Carl Rosa company. The French libretto, just to hand, is of course based on the well-known novel "Manon Lescaut," by the Abbé Prévost, although it by no means follows the story with fidelity. In the first act we are introduced to the youthful Manon, whose education at a convent school has just been finished, and who is ready for any sort of flirtation. She coquets with the aged M. Guillot, and subsequently leaves her drunken cousin Lescaut, and goes off to Paris alone in a chaise with the young Chevalier des Grieux. The second act takes place in the apartment of the two runaways. Lescaut adopts an exceedingly threatening tone, but is appeased when a letter is read written by the Chevalier to his father, requesting permission to marry Manon. Before the act ends Manon has, however, eloped with M. Guillot. In the third act Manon learns that the Chevalier has taken holy orders. So, leaving M. Guillot, she goes to the monastery, and easily persuades the would-be priest to elope with her. In the fourth act the Chevalier, at the instigation of Manon, gambles with M. Guillot at the public tables, and is subsequently arrested as a cheat. In the fifth and last act the Chevalier and Manon are on their way to transportation. But the guard are bribed, and they are about to escape, when Manon, in truly Gallic fashion and for no apparent reason, dies. The libretto, in some respects strong and in many others weak, is likely to be considerably altered by the English adaptor.

NOTES AND NEWS.—There has been no novelty of importance this week at the Promenade Concerts, which, like most London entertainments, seem to feel the effects of the hot weather.—It is reported that the eyesight of the veteran Franz Liszt is affected, and that he now has to be led by an attendant.—A piano by Broadwood has been sent to Dr. von Bülow for use at the Raff Conservatoire, Frankfurt.—M. Capoul has denied the report spread by the French papers of his intended marriage.—Otto Braune, a veteran conductor at Halberstadt, died last week, aged 74.—Madame Patti is entertaining a succession of visitors at Craig-y-Nos Castle.—M. Godard, the violinist, has succeeded M. Padeloup as conductor of the famous Parisian Sunday Concert.—It is said that Madame Patti has been offered 1,000*l.* a night for eight concerts in certain provincial towns.—The chief artists announced for the Paris Italian Opera are Mesdames Patti (?), Sembrich, de Cepeda, and Tremelli: MM. Nicolini, Maurel, and De Reszké.—It seems that the little-known Musicians' Company furnishes thirty-eight livermen as voters for Members of Parliament for the City of London.—Daily organ recitals are now given between twelve and one at the Albert Hall, for the benefit of visitors to the Health Exhibition.—Madame Trebelli has relinquished her intention to return to America this year, and will remain during the winter in England concert giving. The recent death of her father has caused the alteration of her plans.



THE TURF.—Egham in the South, Stockton in the North, and Warwick in the Midlands have supplied the racing this week, but have afforded very little running of interest. At the first-named the King John Stakes, for two-year-olds, were won by Zigzag—the favourite Red Rag colt being second; and at Stockton the chief two-year-old event, the Hardwicke Stakes, were carried off by the favourite, Surprise. The Stockton Handicap was put down as almost a certainty for Lord Zetland's Jetsam, but he could only get fourth out of five runners, Billycock turning up as the winner. In consequence of this defeat Jetsam has been withdrawn from the Ebor Handicap, for which he had been backed for a considerable sum.—As the St. Leger approaches market movements in reference to it are watched more keenly. Superba still holds the premier position in the quotations, her price being between 4 and 5 to 1. Scot Free, against whom some opposition broke out a few days ago, has recovered himself, and is quoted at only a point more than Superba. Sir Reuben has displaced his two stable companions Harvester and Queen Adelaide, and, with The Lambkin and Busyboddy, is the most fancied after the two first favourites.—Jockeys, like other people, have their runs of good and bad luck, and certainly G. Barrett experienced the former by riding the winners of four races in succession at Windsor last week.

CRICKET.—The last match of the Notts County season was that against Middlesex, which was beaten in a single innings with 91 runs to spare. Notts has not lost a single inter-county match, and thus for the second year in succession is the champion cricket county.—The finish of the match between Gloucester and Lancashire at Clifton was more exciting, the former winning by seven runs. Painter, for the victors, made a score of 116 in his second innings. But the improved form of Gloucestershire was not maintained in its match against the Australians, with which the Cheltenham week opened, the Colonists winning by an innings and 136 runs.—Kent has beaten Derbyshire by an innings and nine runs, Lord Harris making 112.—At the Oval, Lancashire has beaten Surrey by eight wickets; and at Sheffield, Yorkshire and Middlesex have played a draw. In the Yorkshire second innings both Ulyett and Hall scored over 100 each.—Somerset has been credited with victories over Devonshire and Hampshire.—All over the kingdom scores have run very high during the last fortnight, in consequence of the continuance of dry weather.

SHOOTING.—The price of grouse is still falling, and young birds may now be had for about the same price as good fowls. When the partridges come in, there will probably be a further market depression, as the birds of the stubble, according to reports from all quarters, are likely to be as plentiful as the birds of the heather.

HUNTING.—Before cub-hunting fairly commences, "the horn of the hunter" is heard in the Exmoor district, and already the Devon and Somerset Stag-hounds have commenced their season. Out of respect to the memory of the late Master, Mr. Fenwick Bisset, the opening day, with its time-honoured picnic, was not celebrated at Cloutsham, but the fixture was at Holmbush Gate, on Porlock Hill. About 150 horsemen, including ladies, were present, and sixty or more carriages brought visitors from many districts. The supply of red deer is reported to be abundant, and some good sport has already been enjoyed, notwithstanding the heat.

SWIMMING.—G. Bell, of the Sandringham and Unity Club, who has this year distinguished himself by winning the Half-Mile and Long Distance Championships, has now added to his laurels by winning the One Mile Amateur Championship, which was contested at the Edgbaston Reservoir, Birmingham, on Saturday last. His time was 31 min. 42¾ sec.; and Danels, last year's winner, was about ten yards behind him at the finish.

ATHLETICS.—W. George, on the grass course at Gloucester on Thursday last week, won the Mile Handicap in 4 min. 21 3-5 sec. by six yards, giving away numerous starts up to 150 yards.

CYCLING.—Once more the two crack professionals, Howell of

Wolverhampton, and Wood of Leicester, have contested the One Mile Championship. A little while ago Wood defeated Howell at this distance in 2 min. 45 and a fraction seconds, but on this occasion Howell turned the tables and won, though the time was two seconds longer.

AQUATICS.—When we read that Hanlan has been beaten in Australia by W. Beach, it is impossible to accept the fact as conclusive as to the actual merits of the two men, unless Hanlan has quite "gone off," or broken down in health, and Beach made more than unexpected improvement. Unfortunately there is so much suspicion attached to matches between professional scullers, that results cannot always be considered as reliable. It is further announced that Wallace Ross, who, by the way, has just been defeated by the American "coming man," Teemer, has offered to row Beach on the Thames for 500*l.* a side and the Championship of the World.

"DOWN TYNESIDE"

A SEA-BORNE fog lies on Tyne river and shore. The inky water laves the windings of the banks, with their wharves, and slips, and the dismal stretches of blackened soil on the edges of the shore, laden with ooze, and strewn with scurf and refuse. It is a flood unutterably foul, but, from the deck of the river steamer, and as if following its track, may be seen, even here, the "swirl" and leaping dive of a glorious, full-sided, silver salmon, pushing its way through the murky current to gain the pellucid reaches of the river far above the grime and smoke.

The steamer plying between Newcastle and Shields, and calling at the various wharves and jetties on both sides of the river, has been hours on the journey, and, after some narrow escapes from collision with lighters in the stream, runs bumping alongside a crazy wharf on the Durham shore. The ticket collector issues from his little sentry-box, and two or three muffled travellers stand on the edge of the quay waiting to embark. No one seems in haste to land. Nothing is yet visible of houses ashore through the irritating and suffocating fog-cloud, but close at hand there is the deafening strike, strike, of a thousand hammers on sullen metal, from the ship-building yards hard by.

A large township, human beehive, or exaggerated riverside village lies behind—with broad streets, painfully exact corners, and row after row of workmen's houses, pitilessly uniform in their right-angled outlines. Here are red brick houses faced with white bricks, and the surprising novelty of white bricks edged with red. An occasional bow window, marking a foreman's residence, alone breaks the line. Vast ship-building yards occupy the river frontage, with ponderous, closed gates to the street; irregular patches of waste ground, flecked with muddy pools intervene farther up the hill; brick and cement works, with ghastly mounds and spectral chimneys; hoardings covered with torn and dripping bills, grimy shops, of a regulation pattern, and commodities in their windows of a practical description only. Further inland, more public works, with tall chimneys belching sulphurous fumes;—black wooden erections, like gigantic scaffolds, with a running wheel high in air and a mighty beam, rising and falling in the pit's mouth—blighted fields beyond, with leafless hedge rows, and stunted trees gaunt in deformity. Such is our industrial settlement, the solution, wrought out in infinite wisdom, of the national problem how to house, employ, and generally keep from mischief the mass of our labouring population.

Work, unadorned hard work, alone dwells here, with wages enough and to spare in return, it may be—with the regulation drainage perhaps, and, possibly dictated by the same feeling, the stereotyped and barren provision for self-improvement in the shape of "Institute" and Reading-room, where one may actually peruse, at night, the same day's Newcastle newspaper, and be thereby edified and made wise. There is absolutely nothing to attract or relieve the eye. Industry here seems penal in type—it would be so in reality but for liberty of limb after work hours, and the carefully guarded six days' opportunity for intoxication. Here the habitual dweller—if not a transcendental philosopher—must, sooner or later, inevitably sink to the level of his surroundings—must either become in temper monotonous and unlovely and of a virtuously geometrical pattern like his house; or borrowing, on the other hand, the complexion suggested by its red cased windows, become somewhat given to inflamed eyelids, a bloated countenance generally, and a characteristic twitching at the mouth corners.

A moaning outcry—resonant and hideous—from the steam horn (colloquially the "Buzzer") of the building yards signals the ending of the day's work, and the streets are presently thronged, roadway and pavement, with men and lads, walking with the dogged tramp of the English mechanic, and conversing in the broad, unmusical "bleat" of Northumberland and Durham. Up the steep streets they go; the "geometrical" men filing indoors at their respective dwellings, a large number of the opposite class passing their own houses meanwhile, and pushing up street in a steady band for the sole Temple of Bacchus in the place. This trusty group is larger or smaller in number in inverse ratio to the distance from last "pay;" but even on Fridays, the day before the receipt of wages, there are generally left some faithful souls who repair "up hill" after work.

We have inspected many places of refreshment at home and abroad, but, in all our experience, nothing exactly like this Tyneside "public" ever met our gaze. Being a mile or more from its nearest neighbour in trade, a necessity is thereby laid, upon those desiring to be refreshed, that they seek their refreshment here. Nor could any one reasonably complain in regard to the accommodation provided. To the curious stranger indeed these extensive premises are a continual mystery and marvel. Occupying the whole of one of the rectangular building blocks of the township, the house can be penetrated from four sides, by means of labyrinthine passages entering from the street. At one angle a costly wrought-iron gate bears the inscription "First Class Refreshments" on a large plate. A little farther on we have "Billiard Saloon," and "Reading Room;" then "Second Class Refreshment," over another portico, all separate and distinct from the ordinary tap, or public bar, which is more than fifty yards away, and quite on the other side. But it is all one establishment. In the superior "departments" the traveller can be luxuriously served with refreshment, by a fashionably-dressed damsel, at a highly ornate bar; or can lunch and dine comfortably in a handsome coffee-room. While thus occupied he will be entirely out of sight and hearing of the wave of humanity presently besetting the public bar, which faces the main street. This last mentioned resort of the unwashed toiler—be he plater, riveter, or pitman—is a long low-roofed apartment, or rather small hall, divided into narrow sections from entrance to counter by high stall-like divisions, each with a door opening to the street alone. Disturbances in this department being of common occurrence, especially on "pay" nights, it is highly convenient for the proprietor and the attendant police to be able to "withdraw" the living contents of any of the stalls without interference on the part of the neighbouring ones. A free fight all along the counter would be undesirable, and prejudicial to the stock of crystal.

While speaking of the drinking customs of the place it may here be remarked that a singular variety of Nephalism is said to obtain among the better classes of Tyneside Society—among the managers, upper-clerks, &c. of the public works, and even among the professional men. In their festive meetings in each other's houses, the host alone—by custom and prescription—is privileged, where the rule applies, to partake of the stronger waters, his guests

(Continued on page 198)



THE SUCCESSFUL DESIGN FOR THE NEW ADMIRALTY AND WAR OFFICE BUILDING



1. Stopped by the Police Boat.—2. Killing Time, But Not Fish.—3. Bargaining Under Difficulties.—4. "How Provoking! They Don't See Us,"
IN QUARANTINE

THE LATE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

ARTHUR RICHARD WELLESLEY, K.G., whose death took place with such awful suddenness on the 13th inst., at the Brighton Railway Station, was the elder of the two sons of the "Iron Duke," by his wife Catherine Pakenham, daughter of the Earl of Longford. He was born February 3rd, 1807, and was thus at the time of his death in his seventy-eighth year. Unlike his illustrious father, the late Duke, although he was for many years a member of the House of Commons, and also held other honourable posts, he was not a prominent man before the public.

Many elderly persons, therefore, experienced a sense of surprise on finding that he was so old. It made them appreciate the rapid flight of time to discover that the son of the hero whose small active figure and commanding profile they remembered so well, was himself an old man, full of years, closely approaching fourscore.

The sonorous roll of his titles also recalls to the same elderly folks memories of the great war with Napoleon. Torres Vedras, Talavera, Vimiera, Ciudad Rodrigo! Are not these names enshrined in the spirit-stirring pages of William Napier? And many of us can remember a period when we were young, and when many of the heroes who fought in those campaigns of giants were alive and hearty, albeit their heads were growing grey. Now, even a Waterloo veteran is a rarity, and when he dies, although it may be in a Union Workhouse, his decease is solemnly chronicled in the newspapers.

We gave a formal biography last week of the late Duke's comparatively unpretending career, and therefore need not repeat it here. As a politician he at one time described himself as a Liberal-Conservative, but when, after the death of Lord Pal-



HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON, K.G.
Born Feb. 3, 1807; Died August 13, 1884

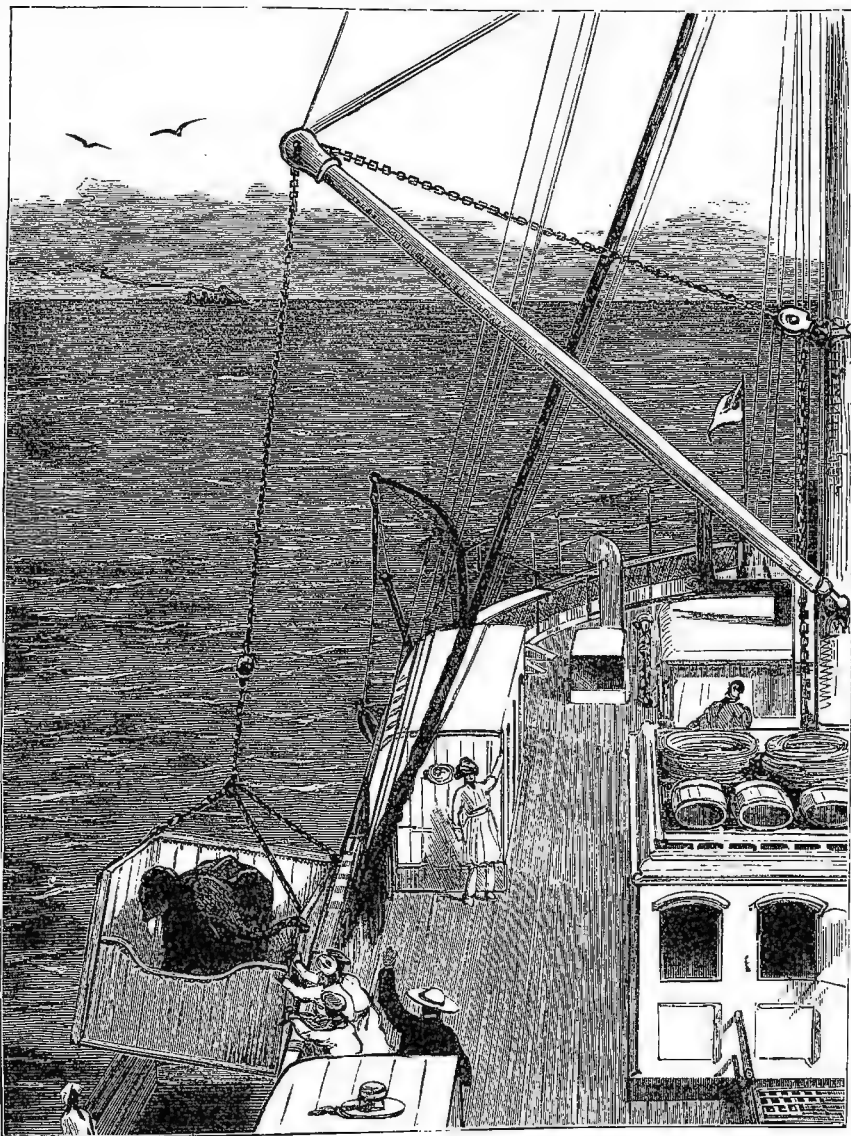
merston, the steady old Whig doctrines began to be overwhelmed by the advancing tide of Radicalism, he gave a firmer allegiance to the Conservative party. He was a faithful follower of Lord Beaconsfield, and it was at his Riding School at Knightsbridge that the Conservative party gave the celebrated banquet to Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury on their return from the Berlin Congress in 1878.

Since that time the Duke of Wellington has been very little before the public, except quite lately, when the removal of the Hyde Park statue was mooted. At first the Duke not unnaturally felt some scruples at the proposal to remove the statue of his father from the site where it had stood so long. But afterwards he accepted the views of the Committee, and in May last he wrote a letter to Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, saying that "he was quite satisfied with the proposed arrangement, feeling that by it full respect would be paid to the memory of his father."

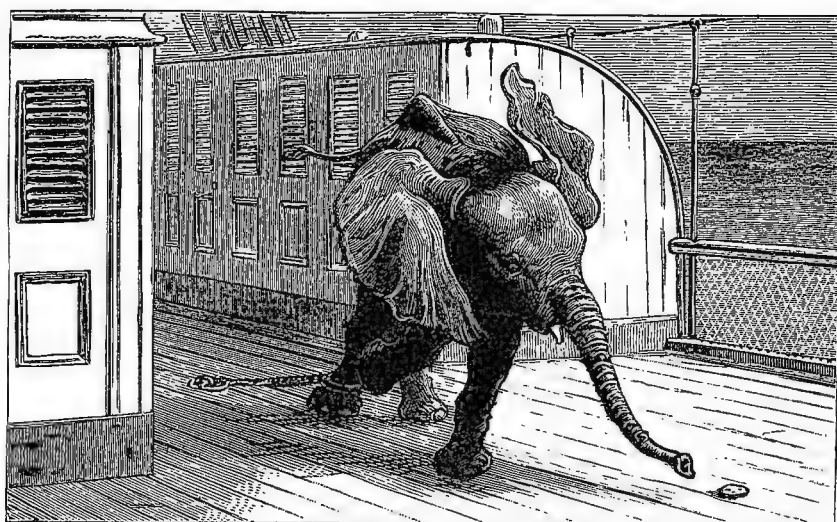
In the "Iron Duke's" latter days it was the fashion among a certain school of politicians to stigmatise the old warrior as an alarmist, because he entertained strong views about the defencelessness of England and the dangers of invasion. Competent judges have long since come to the conclusion that in this respect the Hero of Waterloo was right and his opponents wrong. The Volunteer movement was one of the practical fruits of this change of opinion, and it should be remembered to the honour of the man who has just passed from amongst us that he was one of the foremost advocates of the great Citizen-Army which sprang into existence in 1860.

The Duke had a large share of the humour of his Irish fellow-countrymen, and in society he was noted as a teller of good stories.

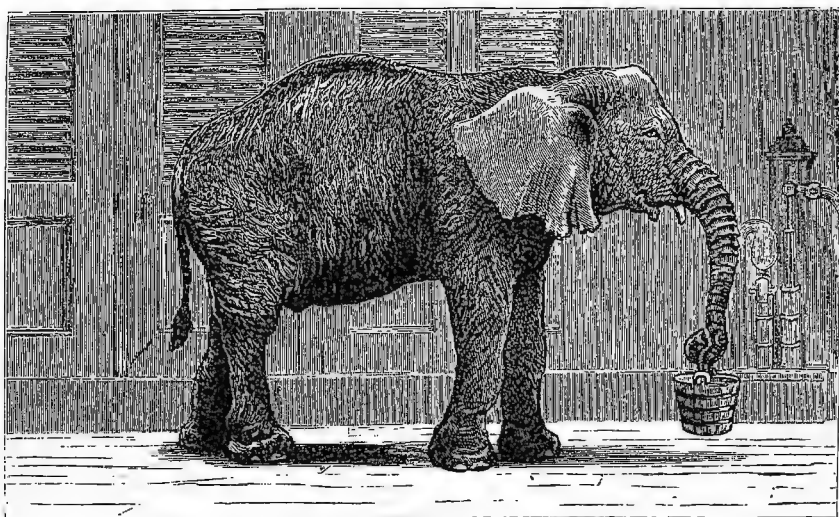
Our portrait is from a photograph by Lombardi, 13, Pall Mall East, S.W.



HOISTING IN THE ELEPHANT ON BOARD THE "MALWA"



THE ELEPHANT AND THE BUN



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The Envoy's Nephew



HIS EXCELLENCY LIDJI MEARCHA WORKÉ
The Abyssinian Envoy to the Queen



GWOLA'S KEEPER

G. M. M'C.



REMARKS.—The weather during the past week has again been fine and warm over nearly the whole of England, but cloudy and showery in the extreme west and north. A series of depressions, of no great depth, have skirted our western and north-western coasts, travelling northerly or north-easterly, while others (much smaller) have passed across the country in an easterly direction. In the meantime areas of high pressure existed over Scandinavia and France. The gradients were moderately steep for fresh or strong southerly and south-westerly winds at our western and northern stations, and slight for light westerly breezes over the south-eastern portion of the United Kingdom. Cloudy, showery weather prevailed during the greater part of the time over Ireland and Scotland, but fine warm weather was experienced throughout (with one exception on Tuesday, 19th inst.) over England. The exception—the fine weather referred to—was occasioned by the presence of small depressions, which brought cloud and rain to most of the English stations, and thunder and lightning at night to our south-eastern counties, with cooler air. Temperature, although much lower than last week, has been as high as 84° in London (see diagram), 83° at Loughborough, and 82° at Cambridge, all of which readings were registered on Sunday (17th inst.). The barometer was highest (30·17 inches) on Saturday (16th inst.); lowest (29·86 inches) on Tuesday (19th inst.), range, 0·31 inches. Temperature was highest (84°) on Sunday (17th inst.); lowest (49°) on Wednesday (20th inst.); range, 35°. Rain fell on one day (Tuesday, 19th inst.) only, to the amount of 0·09 inches.



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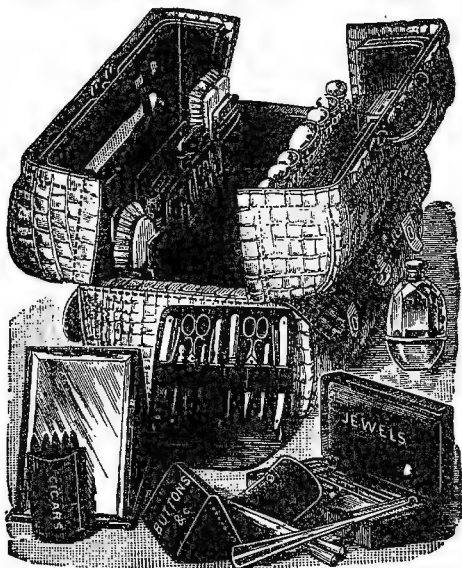
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A Missionary's Illustrated Letter to the Youngsters at Home

PART I.

BY THE RIGHT REV. J. HANNINGTON, LORD BISHOP OF EQUATORIAL AFRICA

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—You will be glad to hear that I have completed the voyage through the Red Sea most satisfactorily, and have duly arrived at Zanzibar. The journey out I shall not attempt to describe, since there was nothing very extraordinary about it, nor must we delay for any length of time discoursing upon Zanzibar, for it is well-trodden ground, and we



An Interview with the Sultan of Zanzibar

have far wilder scenes before us. The streets, like those of all Oriental towns, are very narrow and tortuous, and have such a cut-throat appearance that at first one seemed afraid to venture far, but experience soon showed that there was nothing to harm beyond that occasional fragrance which one is wont to come across in every foreign town. As we peep into the shops we perceive that for the most part the traders are not negroes, but Hindus, and are subjects not of the Sultan of Zanzibar, but of Her Majesty the Empress of India. Their wares are not very inviting, being chiefly cheap Manchester and Birmingham goods. Even the strange-looking cakes and sweetmeats that are occasionally to be seen would scarce tempt Miss Hettie to delay, although I expect I should have had a different tale to have told had she been there. When we got a little further on we reached the African quarter, and saw piles of bananas, oranges, mangoes, and other kinds of fruit strewn the ground. We glance through a half-open door, and notice some camels solemnly turning a mill. They are extracting the oil from ground nuts, which will probably be sold for the best Sorrento olive oil. Outside the town a delightful scene meets the eye. Dark-spreading mango, vine, lemon, orange, broad-leaved bananas, and plumed cocoa-nut trees are crowded together with the luxuriance of

your sober old uncle climbing a cocoa-nut tree—one, by the bye, that was somewhat out of the perpendicular—and you would have been still more amused to have seen his energetic struggles to emancipate the nut from its fibrous husk; but I must leave you to digest that cocoa-nut whilst I visit His Majesty the Sultan, Bargash Bin Said, the noble and energetic ruler of Zanzibar.

People in our station of life do not visit Sultans every day, so I will endeavour to give you a full description of the interview. The palace is well situated in the Grand Square, and looks out on the roadstead, beautiful with its deep blue water and varied flotilla. Thither, at the appointed time, Colonel Miles, H.M.'s Acting Consul during the absence of Sir John Kirk, conducted me, duly arrayed in cap and gown, together with Captain Hore of the L. M. S., who was also to be presented. A guard of honour was drawn up in front of the palace, and saluted upon our arrival. The Sultan then appeared on the scene, shook hands cordially, and beckoned us to follow him. We mounted some stairs which were so steep that they formed a perfect safeguard against an inebriate thrusting himself into the royal presence, and then were led into a small reception room, and bade be seated on elaborate amber satin arm-chairs. Immediately attendant slaves brought coffee in glass cups, tastefully mounted in gold. That was coffee! I should like to soliloquise on it, but you children are not old enough to appreciate delicate flavours. You would have done greater justice to the iced sherbet, which followed; only, if I mistake not, you would have looked rather glum, when, having taken a gentle sip (it is vulgar to take deep draughts in the presence of kings), the attendant at once presented a tray, and relieved you of your burden. Conversation now waxed warm: the Sultan was greatly interested in our movements, asked me many questions through an interpreter as to how we travelled, how long we expected the journey to take, and he was further very inquisitive about a report that he had heard of a serpent in Ugogo reputed to eat up whole oxen, and women, and children. The royal attire, as you will see by my sketch, was the plain every-day costume of wealthy Arabs—the long black coat or *johi* trimmed with silver; an ordinary turban, a handsome waistband in which were thrust two finely-wrought dirks; while a very handsome ring, worn German fashion on the first finger, graced his hand. His Majesty was exceedingly courteous, and did his utmost to entertain his guests. Upon our rising he also rose, led the way into the Grand Square, and wished us farewell.

I must now, dear children, hastily pack my goods in small bundles of about half-a-hundredweight, hire porters, and cross to the mainland. I should, perhaps, explain to you that on account of the ravages of the tsetse fly we are unable to use beasts of burden, and so are compelled to have all goods carried by porters. These porters are for the most part of two different races, namely, the Wanguana, or coast men from Zanzibar, and the Wanyamwezi, or the men from the Country of the Moon, that vast region which lies to the south of the Victoria Nyanza.

Our next step is to hire an Arab dhow, which is to take us over from the island of Zanzibar to the little town of Sedaani. We pack in as tightly as safety will allow, weigh anchor, and soon reach the coral-bound coast.

We touch bottom about half-a-mile from the beach, and, as there is a heavy ground swell on at the time, the crazy old dhow threatens to go to pieces. So while some made their way to shore in a small dug-out canoe, half-full of water, your uncle put his clothing in a bag, unmindful of sharks, plunged into the water, and thus, with a heart throbbing with emotion (and I might add feet throbbing too, for the coral was sharp) entered the land of Livingstone and Krapf

goats on the table which knives refused to manipulate, and chickens whose limbs denied that they would part company, so strongly were they attached to each other, until one seized hold of one leg and another the other, and had a tug-of-war. You can easily then understand the paradox that under such circumstances it was both easy and hard to dispel associations.

It will not do to expatiate on the comforts and discomforts of tent life at this early stage of the journey. I believe that most of us slept well; nor did I hear of more than one bed coming down with a crash. But no doubt, dear children, I shall have some pleasant little adventures of this kind to talk about hereafter, but we will not anticipate evil, nor meet troubles half-way. One more day being required to set things in order, and to call over the loads, we remained where we were, and did our utmost to get our baggage thoroughly shipshape, and on the morrow, June 30th, we started for the interior, seven white men and about 500 porters, head men, and tent-boys, all told.

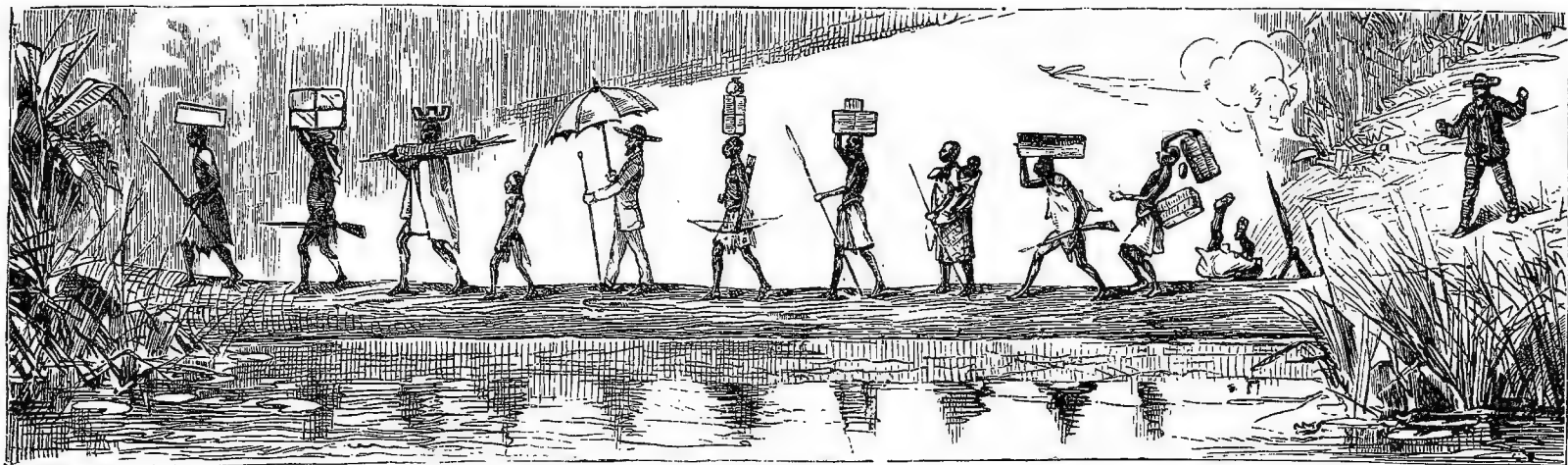
It may assist your geography, dear children, if I give you a brief description of the whole route from the coast to the lake.

It has been well divided by the great African traveller Burton into five different regions. The first of these is the coast belt which lies between the Indian Ocean and that vast chain of mountains



Collapse in Mid-Stream

which runs from Abyssinia to Lake Nyassa, and which numbers among its peaks Kenia and Kilimanjaro. This district abounds in rivers, and has the general appearance of English park scenery. The second region is that occupied by the mountain chain we have just named, and is truly beautiful, being in places not unlike the



A Native Bridge

a forest, while pine-apples are planted along the road-sides, or are massed together in small enclosed gardens. Here and there groups of tropical vegetation crown a gentle slope, or, standing out against the clear sky, form a succession of beautiful pictures which I hope would have more attraction for you than the mandarin oranges hanging overhead. How you would have laughed to have beheld

and Moffatt and Gordon. That I was not prudent thus to fling myself into the water I will allow, but you cannot fully enter into the feelings aroused by such tremendous associations in the heart of one whose life was about to be devoted to Africa. It is not too much to say that the poetry of the situation was dispelled shortly after by our sitting down to dine on a tough goat. I have seen

best parts of North Devon. Here we have two flourishing mission stations, namely, Mamboia and Mpwapwa.

Leaving this truly delightful district the third region is entered, which comprises the thickly-populated plains of savage Ugogo, and two or three almost uninhabited and waterless tracts. Fourthly, you come to the country of the Wanyamwezi, or People of the

Moon, the great traders, and consequently travellers, of Equatorial Africa; here we have one station, Vyui. Then lastly, the great lake basin is reached, which nurses in its bosom the mighty Victoria Nyanza. Each of these regions is well-defined, the people, and the physical features, being very different; but more of this as we proceed.

Our first experiences, I think, might well have disappointed those in search of wild adventure, or what you in England picture to yourselves as tropical scenery. It is true that from the moment we left the coast, candle-shaped euphorbias, umbrella-like acacias, and long-spined mimosas were at once met with; but no very wonderful butterflies or birds or flowers dazed the eye with their brightness, much less did savage beasts break from the thicket, or disturb our slumbers by their nocturnal roarings. It is true that one of the seven missionaries did go out to see what he could see, and did light upon a denizen of the forest, but with one of the seven Swabians, in Grimm's fairy story, he might have exclaimed:—

Zounds, Veitli, what fools we are;
The monster after all's a hare.

If you want to learn a little about the hardships of the missionary's life, you must think of him as compelled to march day after day under the rays of a tropical sun. Of our troops in Egypt one of the daily papers wrote: "The scenes on the road—told even in the roughest outline—are melancholy enough."

I leave you, therefore, to imagine what we had to put up with. Night-marching, which many suggest, is quite out of the question. The roads are too narrow and rough; the men, with their bare feet, tread on the thorns and stones, and get maimed, nor can one see them if they linger behind, or even desert us altogether. Once or twice we were compelled to march through the night in order to reach water, and we found it more trying and dangerous than even tramping at midday. On one of these occasions, after arriving at camp, and calling over our men, we found that one was missing. A search party was sent back, and presently they spied a pool of blood in the footpath, which told the dismal tale that he had straggled from us and been set upon by robbers, who had speared him to death, dragged his body into the jungle, and had stolen the valuable load that he was carrying.

Another great cause of suffering was the frequent absence of water, or, when not absent altogether, it was often so thick and black that it is scarce an exaggeration to say that one looked at it and wondered whether it came under the category of meat or drink; at times it was lively, so much so, that if you did not watch the movements of your "boy" with fatherly anxiety, you always stood a chance of an odd tadpole or two finding their way into the teakettle; occasionally it showed a bright green tinge. I had previously seen green tea, and had been taught studiously to avoid it; but green coffee was a new and at times unavoidable delicacy only known among the luxuries of African travel. But I cannot say that I minded very much about finding the pools lively with toads, or even crocodiles, and I soon grew tired of grumbling because dogs and men would bathe in our drinking water; but I did not like to find dead toads and other animal and vegetable putrefaction. Afterwards, when weak and ill, I used to avoid drinking any liquid; I have been three and even four days at a stretch without drinking anything at all. But while we are talking about water I must tell you about my river experience.

On the 8th of July we reached our first stream. Loud had been the warnings that we should not wade through or bathe while on the march lest we should catch fever, for it was here that one man nearly died because of his imprudence. I was exceedingly hot when I arrived at its banks, and needed no advice. Well, just at that moment there were no head-men up, and I was going to wait patiently when my boys volunteered to carry me across, a feat they could very well have accomplished. But the ambitious Johar must needs have all the honour and glory to himself; he seized me and bore me off in triumph. I felt an ominous totter, and yelled to him to return. But I shouted in vain; he refused to heed. More tottering, more entreaty to go back; but all to no purpose; on he pressed. Swaying to and fro like a bulrush in a gale of wind, I clenched my teeth and held my breath. They shout from the bank for Johar to retrace his steps, but it has not the slightest effect; he feels his only chance is to dash right on. Midstream is now gained, and my hopes revive; I think, perhaps—but the water deepens, the rocks become more slippery, a huge struggle, and down we go flat, Johar collapsing like an india-rubber ball punctured by a pin. Far better to have walked through with all my clothes on, for I should then only have got wet to the knees; but now no part of me could claim to be dry. Luckily, however, I did not get an attack of fever as I expected.

Not long after this adventure we came to a broad and deep arm of the Wami. Here the vegetation underwent a complete transformation, assuming an entirely different aspect, and we beheld for the first time what is usually understood by the term "tropical forest scenery." Gigantic trees, towering aloft, and supporting endless creepers and parasitic plants, presented to the eye every shade and variety of foliage: there a mass of jasmine filled the air with its perfumes; there a euphorbia, like the candelabra of the Jewish Temple, stood stiffly erect; and from the boughs of those trees which overhung the stream the great belted kingfisher watched for his shining prey.

The natives possessed a small dug-out canoe which tempted me to go for a paddle midst the fairy-like scene; but the evil spirits of the vasty deep below in the shape of crocodiles soon forced me to beat a hasty retreat, and make for the less enchanted ground of the camp. It was probably this same stream that we crossed, after about three days' march, by a curious native bridge of poles, and trees, and living creepers pitched and tangled together in a most marvellous

manner. Living poles one has often seen used. I remember four trees being topped, and the roof of a shed put on them, and the shed gradually getting taller and taller; but this was the first time I had seen living ropes binding a bridge together, and stretching across to form a hand-rail for the wayfarer. It was intensely picturesque, but equally inconvenient, and took the men with their loads about two hours to cross. There was not that general activity amongst them



The Hospital Donkey's Trick

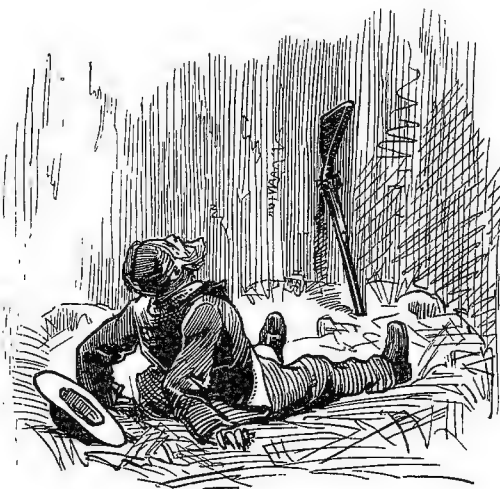
that I expected; some almost wanted to be carried over as well as their loads, though others bounded across like monkeys. While at the river side I heard a sharp but familiar note, and looking up I beheld our gay old friend the English kingfisher, in his bright blue uniform, by far the most handsome bird I had yet seen in Africa. Only one load was dropped over the cobweb-like parapet of the



On the Edge of the Pitfall

bridge, but that of course, was a box of cartridges, being one of the most spoilable things they could find; it, however, was better than a man being snapped up by a crocodile.

Within a mile of this we had to cross the stream again. Here the river had considerably widened, and was spanned by a gigantic fallen tree of enormous girth and length; it must have been about



At the Bottom

150 feet long. On arriving at the village we found that a false report that we were exceedingly hostile had reached the natives. Accordingly they had fled pell-mell, leaving behind them nothing but empty huts. In cases of this kind it is extremely difficult to restrain the men from plundering the sugar plantations and banana trees, for they must have something to eat. Then, if they steal, the natives naturally say the report was right, and the white men are robbers.

This district was very swampy, and here, I think, we began to get incipient fever. It was a memorable sight to see the swamps at night literally blazing with fireflies, darting about like millions of miniature meteors; here, too, we met with another accompaniment of marshes, which did not amuse us in the least, namely, mosquitos in equal myriads.

As we journeyed on more rivers had to be crossed. At one I had an amusing adventure with our hospital donkey, which we kept for the transport of invalids. It happened to be at hand at the time I wanted to cross, so, having had an experience of a two-legged donkey, I thought I would try the four-legged one. The wretch had on neither saddle nor bridle at the time, but was very quiet and docile until we were well into the stream, when suddenly he became tired of his burden, and began to play the natural pranks characteristic of that worthy race; his hinder part became slightly elevated, his head bobbed, and he threatened to lie down and roll; the headmen, however, saw my predicament, and rushed at me, caught me up as if I were a wisp of straw, and bore me in a horizontal position over the donkey's head to the farther side. At the next stream I selected two men, and was assured it was exceedingly narrow, and so it was; but there was no exit on the other side, an impenetrable fringe of reeds and jungle hedging us in, so we turned up stream. I had to urge and urge and urge them

not to drop me until we gained a small sandbank a little ahead, where I stripped, and waded the best part of a mile before we found a break in the dense tangle.

July 21st, we reached our first mission station, Mamboia, about 150 miles from the coast. Here our good missionary and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Last, met and welcomed us, and instantly carried me off to their comfortable quarters.

The house, or perhaps the word bungalow describes it better, is prettily situated on the mountain side, about 3,000 feet above sea-level, and commands most extensive and beautiful views. Immediately on the left side rises a precipitous cliff, in which a grand old eagle has its eyrie; to the east the mountains form an amphitheatre, and bold, jutting crags add wildness to the scene; all that it lacks to make it surpassingly beautiful is water.

The soil is most productive, and the climate sub-Alpine, so that our English vegetables grow to great perfection. The flower-garden in front of the house was one mass of geraniums, nasturtiums, petunias, and other denizens of our home gardens. We had not had enough of the wild-flowers of Africa to care much for these. Next the house was the church—a very original structure. Circular mud walls had been built to the height of about six feet, which were covered by a deep sloping roof, open in the centre, from which rose wooden stanchions, which in their turn supported a cap roof, thus open space was left between the two roofs for ventilation. The luxury of pews was not needed, the natives preferring to sit on the ground; and two chairs served for the ordinary European portion of the congregation.

The Sunday we were there of course was an exception. On this occasion the church was quite full. Part of our prayers were read in the Kiswahili tongue, as well as the Lessons for the day. Two or three hymns were sung; and by giving them out a verse at a time the natives were able to join. Then followed the sermon, which always takes the form of catechising, or is even more conversational still. Although, in these early days, no definite results in the way of conversions are known of, yet it is most encouraging to see the natives listening attentively, and sending their children to be educated.

On 25th July we were fain to proceed, our friends accompanying us as far as they could; but at length a river decided the question, and with many heart-achings we said farewell. With one, Mrs. Last, we were to meet no more on this side of the narrow stream of death. The march was a long one. We crossed a lovely-looking rivulet, clear as crystal; but its waters had a strong taste of Epsom salts, and the effect produced by drinking them was much the same. There are many saline springs and streams to be met with in Africa—woe betide those who are unwary enough to partake of them! When the wave of civilisation spreads over the land, these places will be the Baths and Buxtons of East African society.

This part of the country abounds with game. On one occasion a herd of antelopes crossed the path as tamely as if they had been sheep; and tracks of giraffe and larger game were frequently seen. Guinea-fowl were so plentiful that one of the white men at Mpwapwa told us that he did not trouble to fire at them, unless he could insure killing two or three at a shot.

I had two narrow escapes in one of my walks with a gun in search of game. I came to a belt of jungle so dense that the only way to get through it was to creep on all-fours along the tracks made by hyenas and smaller game; and as I was crawling along I saw close in front of me a deadly puff-adder; in another second I should have been on it. The same day, on my return, I espied in one of these same tracks a peculiar arrangement of grass, which I at once recognised to be over a pitfall; but though I had seen it I had already gone too far, and fell with a tremendous crash, my double-barrel gun full-cocked in my hand. I had the presence of mind to let myself go and look out only for my gun, which fortunately never exploded. On arriving at the bottom I called out to my terrified boy, Mikuke Hapana, "There are no spears," a most merciful Providence; for they often stake these pitfalls in order to ensure the deaths of the animals that fall into them. The pitfall could not have been less than ten feet deep, for when I proceeded to extricate myself I found that I could not reach the top with my uplifted hands. Undaunted by my adventures, and urged on by the monotony of nothing but tough goat on the sideboard, I started before the break of next morning in

pursuit of game, and was soon to be seen crawling on hands and knees after antelope, I am afraid unmindful of puff-adders and pitfalls.

By and by the path followed the bed of a narrow stream, which was completely ploughed with the tracks of buffalo and giraffe, as fresh as fresh could be. Our impression was, and probably it was right, that the former were lurking in the dense thicket close by. The breathless excitement that such a position keeps you in does

Africa, and the prospect in the rainy must be far more beautiful than it was then in the hot dry season. It looks out over a vast plain, the home of many noble herds of antelope and buffalo. Food proved to be rather a scarce article here, as many caravans had preceded us, and they had also had a very trying dry season. Small-pox was raging in the neighbourhood, and not far from us was a native encampment terribly infected, so that we felt it was not wise to delay. Just six miles from here is an outlying station,

Kisokwe, a delightful spot among the mountains and highlands of the Usagara district, which form part of the long mountain chain I mentioned some time ago. Here almost every variety of scenery is met with. There are fine mountain peaks terminating in bare and precipitous crags, and others crowned with luxuriant verdure, while in many places torrents dash down the valleys in a succession of waterfalls, forcibly reminding one of North Devon.

Game, as I have already hinted, is abundant, and leopards are very plentiful. Hunting excursions, however, are not unattended by danger, for small bands of savage Wahumba robbers traverse the country. Fig-trees, which are plentiful throughout East Africa, attain vast proportions in this district. At the end of the garden stands a monarch, spreading his densely-foliaged limbs over a space wide enough to shelter a standing army. Unfortunately, the fruit is not edible. When ripe these figs look inviting and smell nice, but consist of nothing but seeds and rind without fleshy pulp, so that there is nothing for a human being to eat, although hornbills and other birds relish them exceedingly.

We left this beautiful region by a mountain pass which proved to be very rugged and steep, and very trying for the men. Descending on the other side we entered the third of our divisions, which comprises desert tracts and the plains of Ugogo. It is very different to the one we have just left behind, consisting of broad sandy plains, bounded by low ridges of hills. Wherever there is water it is densely populated, so much so that the plain frequently looks like a broad causeway. Rivers are superseded by ponds and nullahs, which can scarcely be graced with the name of lakes. And it is here that curious isolated granite rocks thrust their weird-looking heads through the alluvial soil.

Our first experience of this region was not a pleasant one. We had sent our men on before while we dallied with our friends at Mpwapwa. When we reached the summit of the pass we could see various villages with their fires in the plains below, but nowhere was the camp to be discerned. It was a weary time before we could alight on it, and when we did, what a scene presented itself to our gaze! The wind was so high that the camp fires were extinguished, and the men had betaken themselves to a deep trench cut through the sandy plain by a mountain torrent, but now perfectly dry; hence our difficulty in making out where the camp was. Two of the tents were in a prostrate condition, while the others were fast getting adrift. Volumes of dust were swamping beds, blankets, boxes, buckets, and in fact everything; and a more miserable scene could scarcely be beheld by a party of benighted pilgrims. It was no use staring at it. I seized a hammer and tent-pegs, forgot I was tired, and before very long had things fairly to rights; but I slept that night in a dust-heap. Nor did the morning mend matters, and to encourage us the Mpwapwa brethren prophesied this state of things all through Ugogo. It is bad enough in a hot climate to have dust in your hair and down your neck, and filling your boxes; but when it comes to food, and every mouthful you take grates your teeth, I leave you to imagine the pleasures of tent-life in a sandy plain.

A day or two after this we arrived at a camp where the water was excessively bad. We had to draw it for everybody from one deep hole, and probably rats, mice, lizards, and other small animals had fallen in and been drowned, and allowed to remain and putrefy. The water smelt most dreadfully, no filtering or boiling seemed to have any effect upon it, and soup, coffee, and all food was flavoured by it. That afternoon I went for a stroll with my boy and

two guns to endeavour to supply the table with a little better meat than tough goat. I soon struck on the dry bed of a masika (wet season) torrent. Following this up a little way I saw a fine troop of monkeys, and wanting the skin of one of them for my collection I sent a bullet flying after him, without, however, producing any effect beyond a tremendous scamper. My boy then said to me, "If you want to kill monkey, master, you should try

buck-shot;" so returning him my rifle I took my fowling-piece. Perhaps it was fortunate I did so, for about a hundred yards farther on the river-bed took a sharp turn, and coming round the corner I lighted on three fine tawny lions. They were quite close to me and had I had my rifle my first impulse might have been too strong for me to resist speeding the parting guest with a bullet. As it was, I came to a sudden halt and they ran away. In vain my boy begged me to retreat. I seized the rifle and ran after them as fast as my legs would carry me; but they were soon hidden in the dense jungle that lined the river banks; and although I could hear one growling and breathing hard about ten yards from me, I could not get a shot.

I now had severe attacks of fever every day, and at length we were compelled to come to a standstill, for I was far too ill to be moved. My life hung in the balance for three days. I was so weak that the mere fact of a head-man in kindness coming in and speaking a few words to me, brought on a fainting fit, and on another occasion I nearly succumbed from moving across the tent from one bed to another.

After a few days the fever left me, and I was able to sit up for five and ten minutes at a time, and the next day was lifted into a hammock and carried onwards.

The curiosity of the natives in these parts was unbounded. They swarmed round our tents from morning till night, asking to see everything we possessed, and as they are noted thieves we had to keep an uncommonly sharp look-out. The men are exceedingly undressed, wearing only short goat-skins from the shoulder to the hip-bone. They besmear themselves with red ochre, and paint hideous devices on their faces, so that they look like red men rather than black. The hair is worn long, is often interwoven with bark fibre, and is plaited in various fashions, some of which are by no means unbecoming. The Ugogo type of countenance is for the most part very low in the scale, the features being broad and flat, with but little forehead. The few handsome exceptions one sees are, I am told, supposed to be Wamasai.

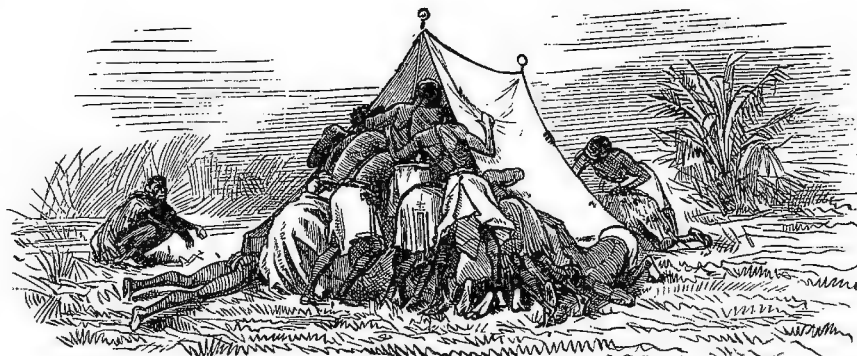
The women are scrupulously clad, and the many copper and steer chains which they wear are particularly becoming. The great feature of the Wagogo is their ears. The lower lobes in men, women, and children are pierced. First starting, they begin by inserting a straw or two, or a ring of copper wire; these are gradually increased in number, until at last the ear is sufficiently stretched to allow of the insertion of bits of stick, gourds, snuff-boxes, old cartridge-cases, and other such articles. From a boy of twelve years old I got a



Personal Attentions by the Natives

much to help along the weary miles of the march, and to ward off attacks of fever. All experienced hands out here recommend that men should, while not losing sight of their one grand object, keep themselves amused.

Your cousin Gordon and I, with our boys, had led the van all the morning. He, having lately had fever, complained of being tired, and begged me to continue in pursuit of game alone, merely taking my one faithful boy with me to carry my gun; but I refused to leave him, for never had I complained of an ache or a pain but what he was by my side to help and comfort me. After living in the same tent, and never being separated until I left him at the lake, I say we have no more gentle and heavenly-minded man in the mission field. We sat down and rested, and the other brethren, with a party of a dozen or fourteen, marched on ahead. They had not gone many hundred yards before I heard the whizz of a bullet. "They have found game," said I. Bang went a second shot. "It is a herd." Then another. "Yes, it must be a herd;" then a fourth, and it dawned upon me that they were attacked by robbers—the far-famed Ruga-Ruga. "Stay where you are," I cried, and dashed off, closely followed by my boys. The bangs had now reached seven, and we had not the slightest doubt that it was an attack of robbers, and so it proved to be. My anxiety was relieved by seeing our men intact, standing together at bay with a foe that was nowhere to be beheld. I soon learnt that as they were quietly proceeding a party of the savage Wahumba tribe had swooped down upon them; but seeing white men with rifles had fled with the utmost precipitation, without even discharging a poisoned arrow. To make their flight more rapid the white men had fired their rifles in the air; and one in grabbing his gun from his boy had managed to discharge it in such a manner as to blow off the sight of his neighbour's rifle. Finding that danger was at an end for the time being, I begged them to remain as they were, ready to



Native Curiosity

block of wood that he had in his ear considerably larger than the cork of a gooseberry bottle. Sometimes the lobe is so distended that it hangs down to the shoulder, and refuses to hold anything inserted in it; in such a case it is used as a suspensory for fine chains, or coils of iron wire. Sometimes you would see the lobes quite broken down, so that to their immense regret they could wear nothing. I have often been asked to mend their ears; but although I could easily have done it by nipping off the ends and binding them together, yet I always refused so to encourage their vanity.

I am supposed to be perverse, and so it was, I imagine, that I took a great fancy to these ill-famed Wagogo. It struck me that there was something very manly about them; the boys were daubed with war-paint, and were armed with bright spears and skin shields, some of which I could not help coveting a little; but they asked such enormous prices, when anything was said about buying and selling, that I had to forego purchasing.

In some of the places I passed through they had never seen a white man before. They would gather round me in dozens, and gaze upon me with the utmost astonishment. One would suggest that I was not beautiful—in plainer language, that I was amazingly ugly. Fancy a set of hideous savages regarding a white man, regarding your uncle, as a strange outlandish creature frightful to behold. You little boys that run after a black man in the park and laugh at him, think what you may come to when you grow old. The tables may be turned on you if you take to travelling, just as they were with me. As with other travellers, my boots hardly ever failed to attract attention. "Are those your feet, White-man?" "No, gentlemen, they are not. They are my sandals." "But do they grow to your feet?" "No, gentlemen, they do not. I will show you." So forthwith I would proceed to unlace a boot. A roar of astonishment followed when they beheld my blue sock, as they generally surmised that my feet were blue and toeless. Greater astonishment still followed the withdrawal of the sock, and the revelation of a white five-toed foot. I frequently found that they considered that only the visible parts of me were white, namely, my face and hands, and that the rest of me was as black as they were. An almost endless source of amusement was the immense amount of clothing, according to their calculation, that I possessed. That I should have waistcoat and shirt and jersey underneath a coat seemed almost incredible, and the more so when I told them that it was chiefly on account of the sun that I wore so much.

My watch, too, was an unfailing attraction: "There's a man in it." "It is Lubari; it is witchcraft," they would cry. "He talks; he says, Teek, teek, teek." My nose they would compare to a



Settling a Quarrel

receive an attack, while I returned with my boys to Gordon, and got the stragglers together, after which we all proceeded in a body. I have always thought that it was I who had the greatest escape of all; for had I gone on, as Gordon proposed, with only one, or at the outside two boys, I should most probably have been attacked.

On July 28th a double march brought me to the second Church Missionary Station, Mpwapwa. The house is a fine one for Central

spear; it struck them as so sharp and thin compared to the African production, and oftentimes one bolder than the rest would give my hair and my beard a sharp pull, imagining them to be wigs worn for ornament. Many of them had a potent horror of this white ghost, and a snap of the fingers or a stamp of the foot was enough to send them flying helter-skelter from my tent, which they generally crowded round in ranks five deep. For once in the way this was amusing enough; but when it came to be repeated every day and all day, one had really a little too much of a good thing.

By the 22nd of August we had passed through Ugogo without having paid hongo (tax), a triumph in African travel. And now began the desert tracts.

What must strike every traveller on entering these plains is the immense quantity of wild fowl. Bustards, king crane, herons, storks, ibis, geese, and ducks abound; but in a land where everybody's hand is against his neighbour's, everything worth shooting is exceedingly wild.

In the rainy season open breaks in the jungle, the "pori" we call it, are exceedingly beautiful, blossom almost concealing foliage. In the dry season nothing could be much more dismal than the desert plateau. In some places it was so arid that no bird, beast, or butterfly broke the monotony of a scene which consisted of thin acacia trees at spaces of about thirty yards distance from each other. I have walked for an hour without finding one sufficiently dense to exclude the rays of the sun and afford a little shelter. At other times miles of dense tangle would be traversed, so thick that it seemed to defy even the penetrating power of an elephant, and yet the leafless boughs formed no protection against the rays of the mid-daysun.

At times I would arouse my companions with a shout of joy. "What is the matter? Elephants?"—"No." "Giraffe?"—"No, or I should not have called out." "Water?"—"Not exactly."

"What then? Come, out with it?"—"A tortula; a new tortula." "What is that? a tortoise or a snake?"—"No; a moss. I haven't seen a vestige of moss for a hundred miles." "O!" with an emphasis that it would take a long time to paraphrase.

After six hard days' travelling Sunday came round again, and most gladly would we have accepted the divinely-given day of rest; but it could not be, for food was running short, and to lose a day would be to starve the men. The effect of their provisions being scant began to show itself in their growing rather quarrelsome, for soon after starting I had to rush in and, like Mrs. Brown, stop a tremendous fight with my umbrella. Words had not only waxed high, but guns were about to be used. Your uncle seized one of their guns, but it was some time before I could drag it out of the man's hands; nor did I feel safe in the skirmish, for a full-cocked loaded gun with weak and worn-out locks is not the safest thing to be wrestling over, but such is life out here—one cannot stop to think what is safe or what is unsafe.

By the 3rd September we had reached Uyui, our next mission station. This is a district in the fourth region that I mentioned, namely, the country of Unyamwezi, the Land of the Moon. After this country the well-known range of the Mountains of the Moon was probably called, and seems to have found its way into our older maps from reports obtained from India. Nowadays these mountains under that name, and the form in which they appeared on the maps must be viewed as legendary.

This district consists of a high plateau, between 3,000 and 4,000 feet above sea level, studded with little out-cropping ridges of granite, between which are fertile valleys densely populated. I estimated that in one valley I passed through there were as many as eighty villages, the smallest containing from two to three hundred inhabitants.

It is on the crests of these ridges that the granite assumes such fantastic forms. It is hard to believe that they are natural, and are not the cromlechs of a race of giants, but situation and size leads one to the conclusion that these phenomena in stone are the result of deterioration.

The Men of the Moon are the great traders of the Interior, and have probably been so from remote ages. For the love of barter they leave their country as porters, and go to the coast by hundreds annually, carrying with them iron spades, horns, tobacco, hippopotamus teeth, ivory, slaves—in fact, anything marketable.

They are far more industrious than the generality of negroes; they cultivate cotton extensively, and manufacture it in their own looms; they smelt the iron which abounds in their hills, and work it with considerable skill and design. A Wanyamwezi spade when new fetches a dollar, or cloth to that amount, at the coast.

As a race they are slimly built, generally intensely cowardly, fractious, and more difficult to manage than the most spoilt of spoilt children. The well-known and mighty Mirambo is Emperor of the Wanyamwezi, having raised himself to that position by his personal bravery. I look back to my interview with him with the greatest pleasure, and his answers to questions show an immense amount of intelligence.

"Mirambo, you are a great warrior, and have conquered in many battles. Tell me which make the best soldiers, young men or fathers?"

"If I want to march rapidly, if I want to make sudden and desperate attacks, give me young men, quite young men; they are more active, they are more daring. If I want to defend villages and to stand sieges, give me fathers. They will fight for their wives and little ones, and for their goods, to the very last."

A short time before my arrival he had ordered a levy of men to be made in the surrounding villages, as he was wishing to build a new palace. Three men in a distant village made an excuse; they were ill or absent. The next day or so Mirambo, without any intimation of the fact, arrived in that village, and found them busily engaged with their own work, so he immediately ordered their heads to be struck off. The London Missionary Society's missionary residing there, said to him, "Mirambo, our Queen is a

great Sovereign. She never does things of this sort," and then he proceeded to explain to him the judge and jury system.

"Yes," replied Mirambo, "that is very good for your Queen; she is surrounded by clever gentlemen; but it would not do for me. My people are so foolish, I can only govern them in this way."

When Captain Hore of the London Missionary Society passed through this country on his way to Uji, Mirambo gave especial instructions that nobody should raise a finger against his white friend. Now it happened the very night before Captain Hore started from the capital that his headman caught one of Mirambo's pages stealing, and to punish him slightly he tied him up for the night to a post. It also happened that long before daybreak Mirambo was abroad, and visited the white man's camp, where all were asleep, and there he espied his own page in durance vile. He hastily retired, and, when all were astir, he sent down privately to inquire how this came about. He heard, and held his peace until Captain Hore had marched away, he then sent for his page, who had been released, and had returned to the palace.

"Where were you last night?"—"Thy servant went no whither,"



Bearers Alarmed at a Green-Snake

was the unblushing lie. "Then I will tell you where you went," so he recounted all. "Now," he said, "I will teach you to disobey my orders, and to molest my white friends." So he took a bow and arrow and shot him through the heart, and then, as he did not die instantly, he further took his bow and bowstrung him. It was cruel and severe, but the circumstances of the case must be remembered. Mirambo had given especial orders, and one of his own servants was the first to disobey it, and thus laid him open to possible suspicion of connivance. Now it is a noted fact that he never puts anybody to death with his own hand, but always employs an executioner. In this case he made an especial exception in order to show that he had nothing to do with the theft, and meant to stand by the white man, and to prevent his being molested.

Mirambo's history is too long for me to enter into it at any length. He was first called Mtelya, but in consequence of his many victories he assumed the name of Mirambo, which probably means "Killing many men." He is further surnamed Nziye or Locust, because, it is said, that he eats up all before him, and a short time ago he took the name of Malomo-Maliu, or Five Lamps, being the number of important places around him, in all of which he says "he is able to discern between friends and foes."

Before Mirambo came to the throne he used to get drunk on pombé, the native beer, just as those around him; when, however, he became king, he at once also became a total abstainer, saying, "I could not do all my business and govern my people well, if I drank pombé."

Uyui, October 16th.—By this time I was able to walk from one room to the other, and had had a trial trip in my hammock from the mission station to the camp and back. I bore this journey well, and although unable to sit up at the end of it, I deemed that the time had come for me to make a start for the lake. That very evening news was brought us that fifty of our porters had deserted, the result being that all was thrown into confusion. However, it never does to be downhearted at misfortunes, so we decided to start,



The Chief Shimami, in European Hat and Spectacles

and leave Rashid to follow with the boat and a few odd loads. S—asked me to be down at the camp at 2 P.M., and promised that I should have six porters told off to carry me. I made this a stipulation, as I had already experienced the trial of being dragged along by tired, ill-tempered men.

In spite of much weakness, I sat up the whole morning and wrote to as many friends at home as possible, for all here felt that the experiment I was about to make was not unlikely to terminate fatally. At twelve we lunched, and at two I entered the hammock, and proceeded to the camp, where all was noise and excitement, for now that these men had departed, the question had to be faced, what loads should be taken and what left? I saw that a start was for the present impracticable, and so was carried beneath the shelter

of a great rock, and there left until 4.30 P.M., at which time a start was finally made. When the men came to fetch me, I was too tired to think how many, or who they were, but before very long I discovered that I had only one relay, namely, four men in all, and that these, while at Uyui, had been going through a course of dissipation, and had neither power nor inclination to carry me properly.

I had not gone very far when a large green snake, about eight feet long, came out of the grass and drew himself up in a defiant way, plainly indicating that if we attempted to pass it would be at our peril. My men prepared to drop me and bolt, so I jumped from my hammock and called for my gun, but was not allowed to have it, as they thought me far too weak and ill. Another then fired a bullet from a very respectful distance without any effect; and, wonderful to relate, one of the Wangwana was found brave enough to advance upon the venomous reptile with a stick, whereupon it retreated, fleeing into a hole.

After about an hour and a half my men began to show signs of utter collapse, and jerked and shook me most painfully. By and

by a stumble, and both went down. I had been looking out for this, and so broke my fall; but it is very dangerous to be thus dropped, nothing being more likely to injure the spine. I gave them a long rest, but it was of no avail; finally, for safety's sake, I was compelled to abandon the hammock and walk for two hours. How I managed it I scarcely know. I had been in bed for the best part of six weeks, had persuaded myself that I could only crawl from one room to another, and sit up for an hour at a time; now I had to walk six miles, or even more. It only proves what one can do if an effort has to be made.

I arrived in camp at 8 P.M., where sad confusion prevailed. S—had remained to see about the loads we had been compelled to leave behind; the consequence was, the men, being tired, took advantage of his absence and threw down their

burdens everywhere. The grass was long, the night pitch dark, and thing after thing refused to be found. In my exhausted condition I had to do without bedding, and, worse still, without food; for we had encamped in the "pori" with neither village nor water at hand, and daylight scarcely mended matters, for there could be no breakfast. I refused to start until I had more men to carry me than on the previous day; but although six were scraped together, yet they were not regular carriers, and I was worse off than before. The scenes of the past afternoon were painfully repeated, with the additional distress of want of food. At 1.30 P.M., five-and-twenty hours after lunch at Uyui, we sat down to a meal of pea-soup without stock, and flour-and-water dumpling without suet. The next day I declined to stir an inch until I had six good men allotted to me, for my life absolutely depended upon it.

November 1.—Encamped near the village of a great chief called Shimami, great in possessions, stature, and power. He was considerably over six feet, and robust, although not over-corpulent. A man of remarkably fine points. His first overture was the present of a very fine goat, which was followed by some milk, after which came two oxen. Then, having prepared the way in a right royal manner, he came himself to see and to be seen, and to pick up any little treasure that might be presented to him.

I gave Shimami a few small presents, and among them a pair of blue spectacles. He then departed to the other tents, where he seemed inclined to spend the rest of the day, and so, as his room was rather to be desired than his company, I arrived on the scene, and suggested that he should take me to see his village, and there I would present him with an English hat, which he greatly coveted. To this he readily assented, and we marched off in correct order, namely, in single file, the chief leading, the guest following, then the Kilangori and officers, according to rank. When we approached the village Shimami produced the blue spectacles, and said he must put them on. It struck me that this was the right moment to

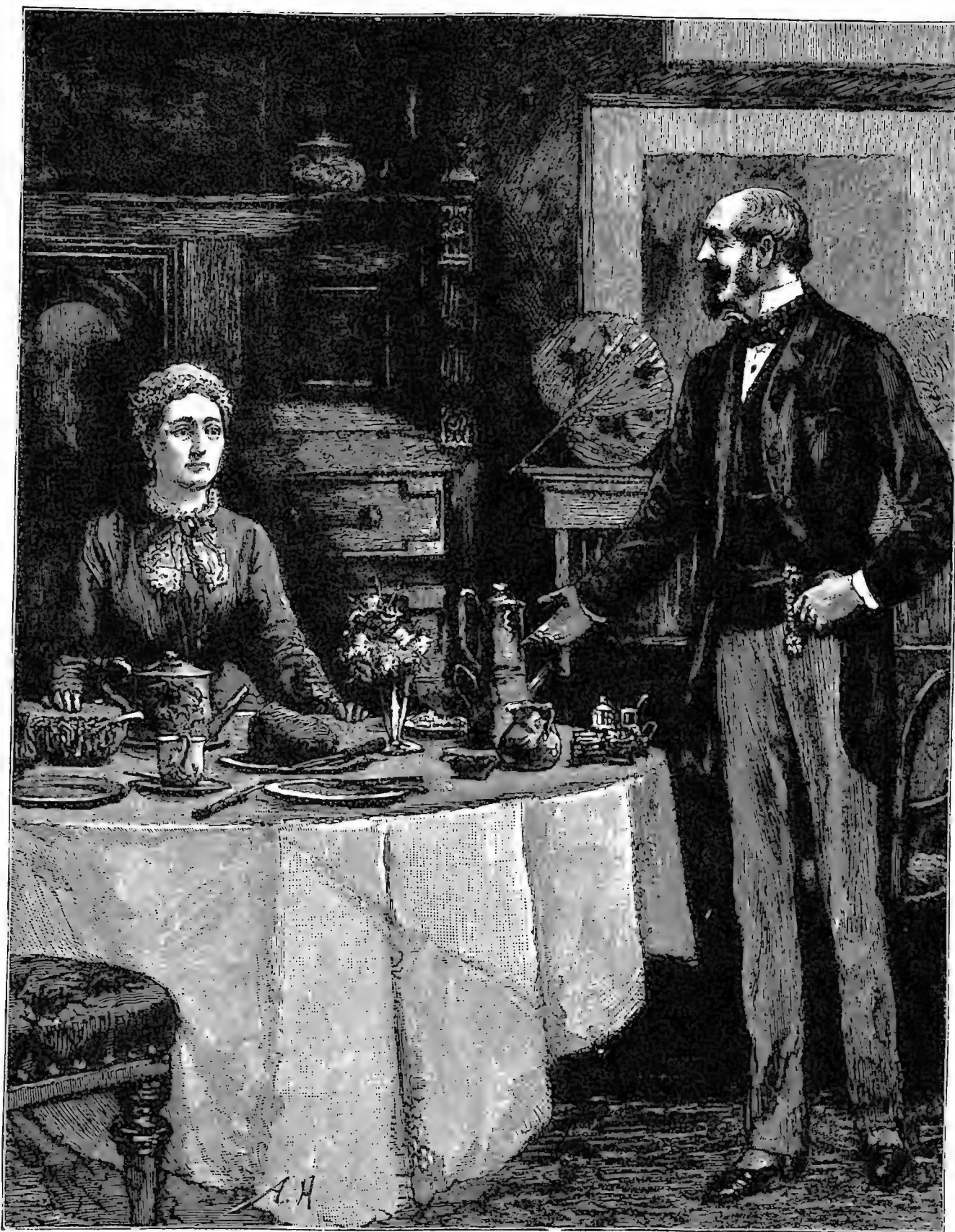
bring out the hat, for I had now accomplished my object, and drawn him away from the camp. Accordingly I presented him with it. His delight knew no bounds; he put it on, and, spectacles and all, strutted off as proud as a peacock. His chief minister discovered that the crown was flattened a little, in the fashion we generally wear our wide-awakes. So it was taken off and erected in a sharp peak, then its rim was bent up *au brigand*, and altered yet again and again. I was immensely amused, but my mirth only caused greater delight, for in Africa laughter is seldom expressive of ridicule. Though this scene was otherwise ludicrous, the magnificent presence of my newly-made friend, with his bright coloured clothes elegantly thrown around him, was most effective. When we entered the village every corner had to be explored, and every subject had to be interrogated, in order that they might gaze upon the new costume. I felt quite sorry for the poor chief, because, in spite of all his grandeur, the White man was the chief object of attraction. The royal hut was very ordinary in appearance. I was proudly seated on the throne—a low stool with a wooden hood over it, rudely cut from a single block, joinery being unknown by the Wanyamwezi; any ethnological collection would be as proud to possess this rough seat as was Shimami. After sitting a short time, I suddenly took my leave, before his Majesty could

even rise from the ground, and I slipped round the corner and out of the gate of the village opposite to that at which I had entered. Can you believe it?—when I came round the camp side of the Tembe I saw the same pompous procession only altered in two respects—its face was turned the other way, and it lacked my figure, for that was at that moment hiding behind a bush! My object was hopelessly defeated.

Every day for a week after this we had interesting marches, and health improved sufficiently to allow me really to enjoy life.

In my next I shall take you all for a paddle on the mighty Nyanza.

KWAHERI! KWAHERI!
YOUR AFFECTIONATE UNCLE



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

"You seem to be always wanting cheques."

FROM POST TO FINISH:

A RACING ROMANCE

By HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE," "AT FAULT," &C.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ELLISTONS AT HOME

IF ever a woman had tasted bitter experience that woman was Mrs. Elliston. A girl of excellent family, and with thirty thousand pounds dowry, she had yielded to the soft, seductive wooing of Captain Elliston, of "the Brigade," with half-a-score better men in point of position at her feet. Handsome man he was now, and with those soft, trainante tones especially prized by women, as a rule; but twenty years ago young Elliston was voted about the best-looking and fastest young one in the Guards. His kith and kin were all of undeniable blood, and Elliston from the first had enjoyed the *entrée* to circles somewhat difficult of attainment. He became the fashion; the quick, genial repartee of those days could scarcely be traced in the cynical sarcasm of the present. Bright eyes sparkled and rosy lips smiled as Captain Elliston drew near, and if some of his comrades thought "Cuddie" had done rather well for himself, there were plenty of young ladies who half envied Mary Merlington, niece to Lord Mavis, her good fortune.

She was marrying—only, poor soul! she didn't know it—a selfish gambler, already over head and ears in debt. A man at whom the Ring already began to look askance, and whose face was well known wherever dice rattled or cards were cut. But he was still popular

with his brother officers, with whom such venial offences as a taste for play and habits of extravagance were of small account, and they all agreed Cuddie was making a very edifying end of it in marrying Miss Merlington; more especially when it transpired that only twenty thousand were settled on herself, and the remainder left loose to assist Elliston in the purchase of his steps.

"Just about put Cuddie square," observed Tom Rustleton, his most intimate friend, with a knowing wink; "give Mavis a real chance of playing the old comedy uncle, and coming down with the money for the steps afterwards."

"He ain't one of those bogus lords, all coronet and blue blood, old family, and chronic impecuniosity, is he?" inquired Colonel Matchlock.

"No, no; he spun, or struck oil, or made boots, or invented a patent, or else his father did. He was nearly d—d and knighted, but they made him a Baron instead. There's not much difference nowadays when Sir Richard serves you with two pound of figs, or appeals to you to try his interchangeable watch, or when, as a Baron, you get your living out of companies as bogus as your coronet."

"They get a little too bogus at times; but the law is benevolent to coronets, if possible, as a rule," rejoined Colonel Matchlock, a keen, cynical man of the world, with as much liking for

Elliston as it was possible for him to achieve concerning any human being.

He was Elliston's Captain (we all know the extra rank carried by the Guards), and a man somewhat of his own kidney, but with far larger means and much cooler brains than his sub. for either race-course or gaming-table. Colonel Matchlock would play high at whist or *écarté*, in both of which games he was a proficient; but he was not much given to hazard, nor was he given to betting high upon a racecourse, except under direct stable information; no more irrepressible or daring plunger when that was the case than Dick Matchlock.

So they talked about Cuddie Elliston in the bow-window in Pall Mall some twenty years ago; and your brother officers, according to their different lights, are not wont to make such a very bad horoscope of your future, or judge of your character much amiss. Men and women, too, must internally judge their fellows from their own point of view. What represents almost vice to one person is simply folly to another. We differ in our creeds, we differ in our views of life, manners, and politics. The unmitigated cad in A.'s light is excellent company to B., while theologically I would advise my compeers who desire comfort especially to be "shadowy."

But marriage made no difference in Elliston's life. The man was an irreclaimable, selfish gambler, and had neither real love for Mary

Merlington, nor anything but a tinge of contempt for her paternal family. He wanted money, it was an essential that his present existence depended on, and to such as Elliston life presents but that one view—the racecourse, the card-table, and the *coulisses*. Before the year was out poor Mary Merlington knew what her life was destined to be, and had fathomed the utter selfishness of her husband's character. She was of that sort that seem born to suffer. Not a word against her husband ever escaped her lips. Nobody knew better than she of what inferior clay her idol was made, but she was not going to make the world the *confidante* of her mistake. On the contrary, she was never without excuse for his shortcomings, albeit quite aware the bright future she had pictured was never destined to be realised. A bare two years saw Cuthbert Elliston gazetted out of his regiment, and every sixpence of that ten thousand pounds destined for his promotion, as well as his commission money, gone. They had been at times vagrants on the face of the earth, but of late had struggled on in a small house in Ebury Street, Eaton Square, as the inhabitants exult in calling it. There is something in living near the rose, and Pimlico is ever loth to acknowledge its actual identity; and their sole reliable income was derived from Mrs. Elliston's settlement, which was out of reach fortunately of her husband's itching fingers. There were times, of course, when gleams of luck shone over the gambler's home, and, like all true gamblers, Cuthbert Elliston was lavish of his money when fortune favoured him, and, taught by dread experience, his wife always took advantage of the sunshine to store for those stormy days she knew would in due course follow. Many an expensive bracelet or cashmere, &c., did she buy in those days that she well knew were destined to return at half-price to the vendor before many months were past. A woman with fair ability, and who really loves her husband, will learn pretty well anything for his sake, and Mrs. Elliston knew the "Racing Calendar," and what trinkets and gewgaws were always "returnable," as well as in days of yore she knew the book of the opera, or what prices to ask at a fancy bazaar. It was, perhaps, fortunate for Mary Elliston, on the whole, that she had been blessed with no family. If children might have consoled her for those lonely hours which her husband's infatuation and their consequent fluctuating income condemned her to, still she was spared the harassing anxiety about their future which would otherwise have been her fate.

Last season had been on the whole a very good year for Mr. Greyson and his employers, and though that flying but evil-tempered grey two-year-old had made an unpleasant hole in the winnings, yet the stake won over the Two Thousand, and the still larger one landed over Phaeton's Leger, had left a very comfortable balance to the good at their respective bankers. The Ellistons might have been described as in rather full plumage, and moreover Cuthbert fancied he saw a prospect of a tolerably prosperous season once more before him. No one knew better the infirmities of horseflesh than he did, the frailty of legs, the lamentable delicacy of the equine bronchial tubes, their susceptibility to cold, and their liability to that most provoking of all ailments, namely, the being a little out of sorts; or, in turf argot, "a little off," when backed for a large stake. We suffer ourselves in this wise, but obstinately refuse to recognise that our race-horses should be equally subject to bad days, and are apt to talk of malpractices because the gallant brute we have backed is not in such trim to fight out a ding-dong struggle as he was a fortnight ago.

Were not you, my friend, settled by that cucumber you devoured so greedily with last night's salmon, and did you not blow shamefully as you breasted the hill-side next day, and let more than one bird sail rosily away that ought to have bit the heather, simply because you were out of form? Race-horses suffer from *their* cucumber as well as ourselves, despite the setting muzzle that it would be well for some of us we also should be endowed with.

Still, there could be no doubt there were two rattling good four-year-olds in training on Riddleton Moor, and better still that the public were mistaken as to which was the best of them. Should the handicapper only form as false an estimate of the respective capabilities of Caterham and Phaeton as it was quite transparent the racing world entertained, then the Two Thousand winner of last year must have the opportunity afforded him of winning a big race or two of that description before the year was out. Great *coups* of this kind were things Cuthbert Elliston revelled in mapping out, but the worst of it was so far they had rarely owned anything at Riddleton that justified the attempt to fly at high game. Usually they had to content themselves with small handicaps over which, except at a very large outlay, only small sums could be won.

To carry off the Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire, and take sixty or seventy thousand pounds out of the Ring, was the dream of Elliston's life—a dream, by the way, that has begot many a gallant heart's undoing. Why cannot men recollect that backing horses is simply equivalent to playing against the bank at Monaco? The pull of the tables must beat you, more especially in these days, when the book-makers lay most inadequate prices. Fifty years ago, and the extinction of prize-fighting seemed most improbable. Fifty years hence, and there are signs abroad to show that Newmarket will have degenerated into a sort of Croydon, and the Derby have dropped to the level of the present Chester Cup. What will they do in those days of ripened cant and hypocrisy? To howl your way to Heaven after the wont of the Salvationists, or to get there by "water" after the manner of the Blue Ribbon people, will be probably exploded. All species of sport have been condemned as cruel, and life generally be of the dulllest and limpest description when the Buddhist religion, now so much virtually in vogue, will have been actually proclaimed. The rising generation worship inanition, and really have no energy for vice; leading their placid little lives without pronounced views of any sort.

We match not the dead men who bore us
At a kiss, at a song, at a crime.

Oh, no! It is a tepid generation, with neither pluck to sin nor to pray.

"I must ask you to write me a cheque before you go out, Cuthbert," said his wife, as they sat over a latish breakfast on a bright March morning, about the time that Jim Forrest was cementing his acquaintance with the Dancing Master, and beginning to accustom himself to that animal's unpleasant eccentricities.

"Upon my soul, you seem to be always wanting cheques," retorted her husband irritably. "You know that the balance at the bank has got to carry us very far into the year."

"And you know that the rent, the butcher, the taxes, and such things must be paid," she rejoined wearily. "I don't see myself why the horses shouldn't do something for us this spring. Caterham is by no means badly in for the City and Suburban—you said so yourself."

"Yes; and didn't I tell you at the same time that we can't afford to expose him for such a paltry stake as we should have to be content with on that race? The public have arrived at your conclusion also, and appropriated all the long prices. Considering the pains I and others have taken to educate the public, and demonstrate to them the rashness of speculating before the owners have satisfied themselves, I am really astounded at their child-like confidence. Caterham will run; but not *quite* so well as his backers anticipate."

"What about that grey colt? The Two Thousand is a nice stake; and for a very little outlay you might stand to win a tolerably round sum in bets."

"Don't talk of that accursed brute. He is a gold mine, who could

do anything if he were not possessed of such a fiendish temper. The cheapest thing to do with such brutes is to shoot them at once. Dispose of them, and you are still tempted to back them whenever they run. A bad-tempered horse, like a bad-tempered woman, is a thing to be out of as soon as may be."

"I have known bad-tempered women, though at times a little trying, make their husbands rare good wives; and a bad-tempered horse, that you know to be good, is always worth backing for a trifle. I have heard you say over and over again that, when they are in the mood, their very temper makes them bad to beat."

"The marrying a shrew, or the backing a savage, are two dangerous experiments at which the world only laughs when they recoil on your own head," observed Elliston sententiously. "I, at all events, have been spared the former, Mary; and enjoyed the luck of a better wife than most men."

A faint flush suffused Mrs. Elliston's faded cheeks at her husband's somewhat niggard praise.

"Write me the cheque, Cuthbert," she said, as she rose and, crossing the room, laid her hand fondly on her husband's shoulder. "Also, follow my advice: let the Dancing Master take his chance, and mind my usual ten pounds is on him."

"I will write you a cheque, Mary; and mind, you must make it go as far as you can. As for the Dancing Master, if anybody likes to pay his expenses at Newmarket, he can run; but I shan't. I don't think there'll be much opportunity of investing your tenner."

"It is as you will, Cuthbert, of course; but don't forget me if he runs."

"All right, I'll recollect; for the present, good-bye. If you're not going out I shall be home to dinner."

"You know I'm never out when you say that," she replied softly.

"Pooh!" he rejoined as he opened the door. "We're too old for sentiment now; and jog along just as well as our neighbours without it."

Mrs. Elliston sighed. As if a woman ever grows too old for sentiment; and this man, remember, was her first and only love.

CHAPTER XII.

A CLERICAL TEA-PARTY

MISS ROCKINGHAM, curiously enough, began to think a good deal about this Mr. Thorndyke. He was of a type she had never encountered before, if, indeed, she could be said to have as yet encountered him. She did not as yet know whether to be interested in him, or shocked at his most unorthodox views. The way he mixed up things sacred and secular seemed almost profane in her eyes. A parson whom she knew had actually been known to play cricket with his parishioners after church, and though it was rarely he gave such practical testimony as to his religious views, yet he stoutly maintained there was no more harm in cricket than in country walks, that all honest courting, to which young people are very wont to devote a portion of their Sabbath, could be carried on quite as well while looking on at such healthy, manly games as cricket and football as in *le-de-lite* country walks; in short, that Sunday was meant for innocent relaxation from toil and enjoyment as well as returning thanks to the Creator, and that people who held up their hands with horror at what they denounced as his impiety went to church in the morning to study their neighbours' bonnets, and devoted their afternoons to lying and scandalous conversation. Such a clergyman as this was a phenomenon that made Ellen Rockingham open her eyes with amazement.

Had she heard of or first seen Mr. Thorndyke at Cranley her mind would have been made up. She would have pronounced him a priest of Baal, and shunned him accordingly, but clerical society was more tolerant in York, and, though very far from endorsing the extremely broad views and muscular Christianity of the Reverend John Thorndyke, yet they recognised him as an energetic, hard-working man, who did a great deal of good in his way, and was much liked and respected amongst his parishioners. It was true his way was not their way; they could no more have hurled (no other word expresses it) those short, stirring addresses at the heads of their people than Thorndyke could have preached one of their (if polished) somewhat monotonous discourses. Men who went to hear John Thorndyke felt no inclination to doze during the ten or fifteen minutes the nervous, fiery words fell from his lips; words, not of denunciation, as a rule, but of hope and promise, albeit he would rate the shortcomings of his sheep with bitter scorn and irony when occasion required, and those sombre-fleeced delinquents winced as they took the scathing rebuke to themselves, and felt that they had earned it.

Still his clerical brethren were compelled to admit one thing: his sermons might be unscholarly, undignified, vulgar rant, &c., and they were called all these, but there was nothing unorthodox in them, and his church was crammed. He preached extemporarily, and though usually, not invariably, from a text of Scripture. He seldom brought a Bible into the pulpit, but never omitted to place his watch on the cushion.

Ah! in these days of infinite verbiage, if those who manage our political and religious affairs could only know the virtue of a watch—could St. Stephen's and the pulpit be induced to pour forth that flux of vapid garrulity with an eye on the hour-glass, methinks even they would feel some shame that their platitudes should have so long vexed the ears of the nation.

"I am going out to tea, mother, if you don't want me," said Ellen, one afternoon as the sun floated in at the somewhat dingy sitting-room window. "Mrs. Primington has asked me, and says she has some people coming whom she is sure I should like to meet."

"Pray do, child; it is good for you. It is not well at your years to be cooped up in such narrow quarters as this. Dear Gerald, he did his best for us, and I don't complain. But," she continued with a faint smile, "it comes hard, dear, after having ruled it so long at Cranley Chase."

Poor Ellen looked round the room sorrowfully; she had done the best she could to make it tasteful. It showed all the delicate touches of a woman's hand in its arrangements, in the vases of bright spring flowers, put artistically together, as only the deft fingers of the refined woman or the professional florist are capable of. Still, modest lodgings and narrow means can in no manner be brought to replace your own chateau, with its conservatories, conjoined with lavish expenditure, by any feminine artifice.

Mrs. Rockingham bore up bravely against her altered fortunes; but it was scarcely to be supposed she would not make querulous moan at times over the hardness of her lot. Besides, he for whom she had suffered so long and battled so bravely to keep things together had gone to his rest; and there were times when the widow craved earnestly for the time when she might be laid by his side. With Ellen it was different. She was young, and made of sterner stuff. The Puritan spirit she so cherished nerved her for her struggle with the world. "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth" was a text ever on her lips; and she had wound herself up to the belief that she was destined to make expiation for her father's sin. It is wives and daughters who, for the most part, do penance when their male belongings have to face the upshot of backing hopes against figures, or trying to break the ring or the bank at Monte Carlo.

"It is very odd we don't hear from Gerald," remarked Mrs. Rockingham.

"We must be patient, mother," replied Ellen, settling her bonnet at the glass above the mantelpiece. "Remember, he was never a good correspondent; and now, poor boy, he has to set to work to earn his living. It would come hard upon most boys; but it comes doubly hard upon such as he. Facing the world in grim earnest, I fear Gerald is going through an ordeal such as he don't much care to talk about. And yet, mother, he was a Rockingham every inch, and faced disaster as boldly as any one of our race when it came. I have railed at him often for his indolence and his absorption in sporting pursuits; but I felt proud of him that day he knew he was a beggar and his inheritance a myth."

The girl's face flushed and her dark eyes sparkled as she recalled that scene in the library, in which her brother had jumped at a bound from a boy to manhood—the self-possessed, courteous irony with which he had dismissed Cuthbert Elliston. She had thought of him as a mere boy up to that, as a girl of twenty naturally does regard a brother of eighteen; but henceforth she acknowledged him as head of the family, and felt that Gerald's will and Gerald's word would be law. It was wrong and unchristianlike to late any one, she knew; but Ellen was painfully aware that her feelings with regard to Cuthbert Elliston would scarcely stand analysis from that point.

When she arrived at Mrs. Primington's she found some three or four ladies who, like her hostess, were rather Calvinistic in their religious views, also Mr. Brushley, the Rector of St. Olave's, and his curate, both gentlemen of as Evangelical a turn of mind as was compatible with clergymen who officiated within the shadow of the mighty Minister. The eccentricities of the Rev. John Thorndyke were a favourite topic with these good folks, generally ending in the opinion that no good could come permanently from such vulgarising of his sacred functions.

"It is, so to speak, my dear Mrs. Primington, like the doings of a mountebank at a fair. Mr. Thorndyke attracts people to his church because they hope to be amused; they are amused, but you don't mean to tell me such addresses as his—sermons they can't be called—arouse any real religious feeling. Sermons should be thoughtfully written out, then as thoughtfully read. Mr. Thorndyke apparently regards them as after-dinner speeches, improved by a little jocularly."

"I don't think that is quite a fair sum up of Mr. Thorndyke's sermons. I have only, it is true, heard him once. He is not conventional, but there is certainly no levity in his discourse," observed Miss Rockingham.

"Dear me," interrupted Mrs. Primington. "I hope I haven't done wrong, but Canon Durnsford, the new Canon, you know, expressed such curiosity about Mr. Thorndyke that I promised to ask him here to meet him to day. You surely, none of you, object?"

"My dear madam," replied Mr. Brushley, unctuously, "it is our lot to meet many people in this world of whom we by no means approve, but it is our duty to stifle our feelings. We can never tell what power to do good may be vouchsafed us. The new Canon, Mr. Durnsford, you said? Yes, decidedly I shall be glad to make Durnsford's acquaintance."

If he did not quite hold with their opinions, Mr. Brushley highly appreciated the Cathedral dons in a social point of view, and secretly and sadly admitted that wines and the art of cookery were better understood by them than by those of his own way of thinking.

The Canon and Thorndyke arrived almost simultaneously, and afforded a somewhat marked contrast. The Honourable and Reverend Alfred Durnsford was very different from the plump, rubicund priest that Mr. Brushley had pictured him. The tall, slight, aristocratic-looking new Canon, with the suave, polished manner of a thorough man of the world, was by no means what the Rector of St. Olave's had imagined him, and the Rev. Mr. Brushley felt intuitively it was just possible that he and the courteous Canon might not altogether amalgamate. He fancied he detected a slight touch of sarcasm in the soft-toned voice of the new dignitary, and sarcasm was a thing that Mr. Brushley both imperfectly understood and felt no little afraid of. Better, he thought, the bold outspoken utterances of John Thorndyke than this quiet, smooth, veiled speech, the real meaning of which he very imperfectly conjectured. It was odd, Mr. Brushley could not account for it, and yet before five minutes had elapsed he was conscious of being ill at ease with Mr. Durnsford. He felt that the newcomer saw through him, that he penetrated the hypocrisy of his character, and knew him for the sham he really was, while to his intense disgust he saw the Canon was unmistakably attracted to blunt outspoken John Thorndyke. There was no mistaking John Thorndyke for anything but a gentleman. Ellen Rockingham, much as she mistrusted him as a clergyman, had no misgivings on that point; as regarded the Rev. Mr. Brushley, she preferred that question should remain in abeyance.

"I am told, Mr. Thorndyke, that you are great at cricket, and have rather a taste for field sports," observed the Canon quietly as he sipped his tea; "if so, you are fortunate in finding your life cast in, perhaps, the most sporting county in England."

"Great at cricket, ah!" rejoined Thorndyke laughing; "I am afraid that's a thing of the past. I was in the Oxford Eleven; but I haven't the time to practise now, and only get a game now and again with my parishioners. If they only give me time to get my eye in, I can make it lively cricket yet. As for sport, I enjoy a gallop with the York and Ainstey, or a day's gunning, on the rare occasions it's my luck to get one, as much as ever; and Mr. Durnsford," he continued, with a twinkle in his eye, "if I was only sure His Grace of York wouldn't hear of it, I think I could shout with the best of them on the Town Moor at seeing 't' Leger' won."

"You surely would never bring such a scandal on the cloth as to be present at a race-meeting!" exclaimed Mr. Brushley.

"It's not exactly the scandal, it's the wiggling from the Archbishop I am afraid of," replied Thorndyke demurely.

"Which, I'll venture to say, you'll never get," observed the Canon smiling. "You were born a quarter of a century too late."

"And yet there are people who tell me I am too advanced in my views."

"The sporting parson is quite incompatible with the present state of religious thought," said Mr. Brushley pompously.

"And what should you define to be the present state of religious thought?" asked the Canon softly, pouncing upon his victim in true purring feline fashion.

Miss Rockingham awaited with much interest her pastor's reply to this question.

"The phase of religious thought now dominating these isles might be explained—er—you understand, as a sort of craving—in short, an earnest desire for—for—"

"Quite so," murmured the Canon.

"Desire—thirst, I might say, for—"

"A little reality," interrupted Thorndyke.

"For—for a higher enlightenment," said Mr. Brushley, triumphantly.

"Which, when interpreted, means?" inquired the Canon.

"An elevation of the spirit," quoth Mr. Brushley.

"An elimination of humbug," said John Thorndyke, drily but audibly.

"I refuse to recognise such a word, sir, in connection with religion," rejoined Mr. Brushley, loftily.

"In connection with true religion, certainly, but there is a good deal of spurious coin in circulation."

"And your definition, Mr. Thorndyke?"

"Has not yet taken shape, but you may lay it down as an axiom that it is cant that makes religion distasteful. Good-bye, Mrs.

Primington; good-bye, Miss Rockingham. Glad to have made your acquaintance, Mr. Durnsford." With which somewhat abrupt adieu Thorndyke took his departure.

Mr. Brushley walked away with a vague consciousness of not having been altogether a success in the Canon's eyes, while Miss Rockingham, as she strolled homewards, was fain to admit to herself that her favourite pastor had not been so lucid as was desirable on the occasion.

(To be continued)



"EYRE'S ACQUITTAL," by Helen Mathers (3 vols.: Bentley and Son), is a continuation of that popular romance, "The Story of a Sin." There is something in the circumstances of this relation between the two novels which will remind readers with fairly long memories of Mrs. Clive's "Paul Ferrol," and its even more remarkable sequel. Only in the case of that pioneer among psychological romances, the character in whom the interest centred was an actual murderer, while Mr. Eyre's guilt amounts to somnambulism. The idea of a man who devotes his life to the discovery of his wife's murderer, while it was he himself who, all unconsciously, committed the deed with his own hands, is an excellent subject for a plot, and is obviously fertile in incidents and complications. We need hardly tell those who are acquainted with Miss Mathers' former works, and more especially those who freshly remember "The Story of a Sin," that the authoress is not fettered by many scruples on the score of probability. She is, as usual, inaccurate in matters where accuracy is the first element in giving *véraisemblance* to what is supposed to happen. This, however, is her besetting and apparently incurable fault, with which we must be content to accept her. On the other hand, if she does run rather wild, it is always in a way which makes her reader enjoy being hurried along over hurdles and ditches that a less bold rider would find insuperable. If likelihood stands in the way of an effect, so much the worse for likelihood; and unquestionably in this way effects become possible that a more pedantic pen would never obtain. "Eyre's Acquittal," like the best among its predecessors, is odd, often grotesque, but always lively and spirited, and never commonplace. Miss Mathers is one of those writers who believe in having a story to tell, and in making her characters act for themselves instead of merely writing about them—an excellent principle, which can hardly fail to ensure interest so long as the story is in the least worth telling. We have on a former occasion likened Miss Mathers to a spoiled child of fiction to whom all sorts of escapades are allowed. The justice of the likeness is still maintained, together with those brilliant qualities which fully account for the spoiling. Probably if she were to cultivate the virtues of probability, construction, and style, she would lose the qualities that constitute her exceedingly unique kind of charm.

In reading Mr. Oswald Crawford's "The World We Live In" (2 vols.: Chapman and Hall), we are constantly tempted to think that we are witnessing a comedy on the stage. The tale has a very peculiar and piquant flavour altogether—neither that of a play nor yet that of a novel, but something between the two. The scenes are regularly set, the unity of action is strictly observed, the characters speak and act in the crisp, sparkling, and epigrammatic style of comedy, and the situations are made to stand out sharply, and almost crudely. The incident where Colonel Tremayne's friends and acquaintances cut him on the spot when a fellow-guest has disabused them of the notion that he is a millionaire, and then, within the next five minutes, fawn upon him in their several characteristic ways at the sight of his pocket-book full of diamonds, altogether belongs to the stage, and would make a capital scene. On the other hand, the plot is too thin and anecdotic to dispense with the expansion and comment only obtainable in a story meant for reading. Easier reading is not easily to be found, and, thanks partly to its shortness, it will be found very amusing and enjoyable. There is a refined and scholarly kind of humour, moreover, about the tale itself, and more particularly about its style, which is exceedingly refreshing, if only for its rarity. That the characters are made to live, we cannot say. They consist of parts admirably played, but somehow the stage illusion is maintained, and we seem to feel that we are witnessing a performance by clever actors, and not reading about real men and women. The story tells how a brilliant rascal found himself no match for straightforward simplicity, and contains slight but piquant touches of satire concerning greater things than Colonel Tremayne's love story. One great charm about the volumes is their sound sense, with its consequent freedom from every sort of sentimental affectation.

Absence of sentiment is certainly no characteristic of "Kirby-in-the-Dale," by John Rye, M.A. (3 vols.: Swan Sonnenschein and Co.). Supposing it to be its author's first work, Mr. Rye will do well, if he must needs indulge in the sentimental vein, to take care that he does not do so out of season. When a most unhappy woman, for example, lays the story of her life before a friend, under the circumstances of Mr. Rye's heroine, she will be either passionate or coldly matter-of-fact, according to her temperament, but she will not sentimentalise about pictures and flowers, which in no way concern her. He must also study the twin arts of construction and omission. A sensational attempt at murder in high life is out of place in a series of idyllic pictures, and his disquisitions on ethical and theological subjects belong to a different class of fiction still, if they legitimately belong to fiction at all. Indeed the whole work is so crude that it is impossible to judge what quality of work is likely to follow when Mr. Rye has made himself acquainted with the elementary requirements of his calling.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN A SWISS HOTEL

A DAY in a Swiss hotel is almost as common an experience as a walk down Fleet Street, yet the thousands to whom it occurs know as little of what is going on behind the scenes as the crowds who swarm in the great London thoroughfare know of what is passing behind the huge brick walls that bound their horizon. A traveller arrives, probably by the hotel omnibus, at the inn of his choice, where he is greeted in honied accents by an obsequious landlord, shown to a well-furnished room by a well-trained servant, and overwhelmed with polite attentions; he dines with a hundred other travellers at a well-spread table, and all goes on so smoothly that it never strikes him to ask how this result is produced, and how much forethought, organisation, and energy are needed to be ever ready to minister every hour to the varying, and often unreasoning, wants of scores of guests.

A Swiss innkeeper should possess not only a natural talent for organisation, but an inexhaustible fund of patience and the power of keeping his temper, or appearing to do so, under provocation that would drive most men out of their senses. He ought also to be the soul of discretion and a skilful diplomatist, for strange family secrets are not unfrequently come to his knowledge, and he has often to deal with great personages and arrange very delicate affairs. A man of resource, too, he should be always ready for every emergency, for difficulties may at any moment be sprung upon him which no foresight could avert, and which must be met on the spur of the

moment. It is only very rarely that you find a Swiss landlord in a communicative mood, and with leisure for a long talk; but when you do, the result is interesting. The present writer once rendered the proprietor of a large Swiss hotel some slight service, and was invited by the grateful host to an exquisite little *déjeuner* in his private room. After the dessert came coffee and cigars.

"You like this cigar?" observed mine host. "I thought you would. It is a cigar we keep for the couriers; these are gentlemen who will stand no nonsense, they must have the best of everything. The best of everything and a commission of five per cent., and when they are without engagement we are glad to give them free quarters. It is of the first necessity to be on good terms with the couriers, for if they are not pleased they take their families elsewhere. And then they can make the bill all right, for the settlement is always left to them. No family will dispute what a courier says is right. But the other day I confess I was a little uneasy. We had a family of Americans, richer they say than the family Rothschild—great petroleum people—and they left everything to the courier, even to the ordering of their repasts and their wines. When he ordered their first breakfast I was almost surprised; when he ordered their lunch I was more than surprised; but when he ordered their dinner I thought he had gone mad. It was not the ortolans, nor the *paté de foie gras*, nor the Chateau La Tour and Napoleon Cabinet, nor the Schloss Johannisberg that astonished me, it was the quantity of everything, not a fourth of which they consumed. Their leavings—what they did not touch—made a luxurious supper for all my waiters. I remonstrated, I told the courier there would be trouble. He said no, it would be all right. And it was; the bill—I felt almost ashamed to make it out—they paid without a word; and the courier touched a very fine commission. Next to American millionaires I think the biggest fools are Egyptian Pashas. Before the *crac* we had them very often; now they are poor and do not come. And such airs they gave themselves! But it was a very good thing for us. I remember one we had, Duffer Pasha, quite a young man, and I think a relative of the Khedive. He spoke French very well, and had with him four masters (gentlemen), two servants, and a courier. The masters lunched and dined in their own salon, of course, and the Pasha ordered for himself a bottle of Chateau Yquem at 20 francs, and for each member of his suite a bottle of Chateau La Rose at 15 francs. These are expensive wines, and as very little was drunk at second *déjeuner*, I ordered the unfinished bottles to be placed on the table for dinner. But this did not please his Highness at all. He sent for me immediately, and commanded that, whether little or much was drunk, fresh bottles should be served with every repast. That was very easy, but as I could not think of throwing away wine worth 20 francs a bottle, I ordered the partly emptied bottles to be refilled, recocked, and served a second time.

"And so you were paid for the wine twice over?"

"Parfaitement, why not? Have I as many sorts of wine as are shown on my list? Not quite. For instance, those three sorts of Neuchatel are all drawn from the same cask, but the loss is mine, for when a visitor orders the cheaper sorts I am done out of two francs a bottle. You are right, we make our principal profit by our cheaper wines. It is easy to charge two francs for a wine that costs us only one, or four for one that costs us two, but we cannot ask ten for a good Burgundy that costs us five, or thirty for a fine Bordeaux that costs us fifteen. I make nothing by my kitchen. I am very glad if I do not lose by it; it is by our cellars and our rooms that we live—if we can. You think it is easy. Ah, if you only knew—if you could just step into my shoes for one twenty-four hours. I must tell you what happened to me only a few days ago. I came down stairs a little after my usual time—I had gone very late to bed—I step into the *salle à manger* to see that all is in order for the breakfasts, the house being very full, and many visitors wanting breakfast in their own rooms. I do not see the head waiter, and without him the others are like schoolboys—they do nothing but chatter. 'Where is Hauser?' I ask. 'He went out to bathe in the lake at six o'clock, and has not returned.' That is what I hear, and ten minutes later one brings me word that he is drowned; that he went out too far and could not get back. It was very unpleasant for me, Hauser getting drowned, for I had to turn head waiter myself until a man came that I telegraphed for, and neglect other things. But I kept it very quiet—we always do when any one belonging to the house dies. I had the body conveyed to the *morgue*, and none of the visitors knew anything about it."

"What difference would it have made if they had?"

"A great deal. I should have been pestered with inquiries for days; the ladies would have made scenes; some of them might even have gone away. 'I cannot help thinking of that poor waiter,' they would have said to each other, and they would have asked about his wife and family, and made all sorts of stupidities. It is bad to have a death in your house, and still worse for it to be talked about, and get into the newspapers. That must be avoided at any cost, and can be if you know your business. Even when Lingo, a little Italian waiter we had, fell from the third *étage*—he was sliding down the balustrade, the fool—into the grand corridor there, and broke every bone in his body, not one of the guests—and very few in the town—knew that such a thing had happened."

"But how was that possible?"

"Why, you see Lingo made his descent just after the visitors had gone in to dinner, and, luckily, I happened to be in my office at the time. The moment I heard the thud I ran out, saw what had happened, and in three minutes we had the body removed and the blood stains wiped away. The police, of course, did what was necessary, but they did no more, and I myself went to the newspaper people, and got them to make no mention of the accident. When visitors asked what had become of the little Lingo—for he was rather a favourite—we said that he had gone away for a few days, and one gentleman left ten francs for him, which, of course, I gave to the other waiters. When visitors die it is naturally different. We cannot keep their deaths quiet. There are friends in the house who know them, and relatives at a distance who have to be telegraphed for. Deaths are a great loss to us, yet when we ask for compensation people consider we are very cruel. It is not only that we cannot let either of the adjoining rooms—people come to Switzerland to amuse themselves, and you must admit that sleeping next door to a sick man or a corpse is not amusing. One death often sends half-a-dozen visitors away, and prevents others from coming. No, I never thank anybody for dying in the Hotel de la Croix, even if I get a thousand francs as indemnity. *Apropos* of dying we had a queer case last season. An American and his wife came. They were on their way to Italy, and the gentleman was in delicate health. 'I am afraid you will never leave the Hotel de la Croix alive, *mon ami*,' was my thought as I watched him mount the steps, leaning on the arm of his wife. And he did not. In two weeks he was dead. But the lady would not be balked of her trip. She had crossed the Atlantic to see Italy, she said, and Italy she would see. So she had her husband's body embalmed, put in a box, and placed in the *morgue*. She then paid everything, gave me all the indemnity I asked, and continued her journey. Three months later she returned, procured the corpse from the *morgue*, and took it home with her baggage. She was a very nice lady, and has sent me many visitors. But I had once an American who sent all my visitors away, and nearly ruined me."

"Indeed; how was that?"

"It was in this way. There came an American with an Irish name. He called himself a Commodore, but I do not think he was any more a Commodore than I am, and I have heard since that he kept a beer saloon in New York. He had a very nice wife,

spent much money, and was always making people drink champagne cocktails. He made me drink so much that I became quite ill. If you refused to drink he would quarrel with you, and he was such a big strong man that nobody liked to quarrel with him. People found it better to drink his champagne cocktail. Nothing gave him so much pleasure as to knock down an Englishman, and the Commodore made himself such a nuisance that I knew not what to do, and visitors began to go away."

"Why did not you turn him out?"

"It is not easy to turn a guest out of a Swiss hotel, as you shall hear. At length came *le mauvais quart d'heure de Rabelais*. The Commodore quarrelled with one of his own countrymen, an old gentleman, who was what you English call a swell—I think he had been a judge—and knocked him down in the *salle de lecture*. The affair made a great scandal in the house, as you may suppose, and I was not surprised when the visitors came to me in a body and said that if the Commodore did not leave the house they would. So I went and represented the matter respectfully to him, and asked him to go. He said he would see me something first, that he knew what Swiss law was, and that he defied me to turn him out. That is quite true; so long as a guest pays his way you cannot compel him to quit your house. Then I offered to make a great sacrifice. He had not settled for a fortnight, and he owed me a thousand francs. I said if he would only go I would give him a receipt without receiving the money. He told me to go somewhere—that he would leave when he jolly well pleased, and not before. I appealed to his gentlemanly feeling—I might as well have appealed to the gentlemanly feeling of a grizzly bear. I got the American chaplain and the American Consul to speak to him. He threatened to throw the chaplain out of the window, and to kick the Consul downstairs, and the end of it was that all my visitors left me, went *en masse* to the Hotel du Mont Blanc over the way there, and the Commodore became my sole guest. Oh, he was a dreadful man! Figure to yourself my position—one guest in the house and forty servants! The time was winter, and I had fewer guests and servants than usual, or it would have been still worse. Three days later he went away, but the visitors did not come back, and that affair of Commodore Clancy cost me at least ten thousand francs."

"Yes, it is a troublesome life, that of a *maitre d'hôtel*. He must try to oblige everybody, and it is sometimes so difficult. Last week, for instance, we were quite full—not a bed to spare—and I had a telegram from a family who come every year to the Hotel de la Croix, asking if I could give them rooms on the following day. As it happened, another family was going away on the same day, so I telegraphed back that I could. Well, at the last moment the second family said they should remain until the following day. A dress which one of the young misses had ordered was not ready. What could I do? It was impossible to turn them out, and equally impossible to say to the other family that I had not room, and send them to the Hotel du Mont Blanc. So, my wife and I, we gave up our chamber, and slept in the billiard-room, although she was very ill. But I think, after all, our servants are the greatest trouble. Only yesterday I go into the kitchen to ask a question and see how things are going on, for we had a heavy *table d'hôte*, and I felt a little nervous; and what do you think my *chef* said? That he would brook no interference, and that if I did not at once leave the kitchen he would leave me."

"And—?"

"I did as he told me. *Ma foi*, *mon ami*, my toes did itch to kick him, but I went out of the kitchen. To lose my *chef* two hours before the dinner-hour, when the house was full of people, would have been too awful. *Apropos* of kicking, I once did kick a fellow, and the result was not satisfactory. An Italian waiter he was, whom I had to dismiss for negligence and insolence. As he left my office, after receiving his wages, he said something that provoked me beyond endurance, and I just gave him a *coup de pied*. Quick as thought the villain drew a knife, and before I knew what he was about he stabbed me twice, and but for my secretary, who came promptly to my help, he would have killed me. As it was I lost much blood, and had to keep my bed nearly a month. Yes, that was a very dear kick, I assure you, and—"

At this point the secretary entered the room, and whispered something in his master's ear.

"Oh, *mon dieu*!" exclaimed the *maitre d'hôtel*, turning pale, "the *chef* has had a fit, and the waiters they have turned out. Twenty more visitors have arrived by the express, and *table d'hôte* must be ready in an hour. *Mon Dieu! mon Dieu!* Pray excuse me, I must go. How difficult it is to manage a large hotel! If people only knew, they would perhaps be a little more patient and considerate. *Au revoir, mon ami, au revoir!*" W.W.



NEARLY fifty years after the young Scotch poet's death the son of Robert Nicholl's earliest and staunchest friend has given to the world his father's memoir of "Scotland's Second Burns." There is a certain pathos about this posthumous publication of "The Life of Robert Nicholl," by P. R. Drummond (Paisley: A. Gardner). Absurd as was the "Corn-Law Rhymers" comparison between Nicholl and Burns, there is no doubt that Nicholl had in his impetuous nature some of the true poetic faculty. He died at twenty-three; yet his verses are prized in many Scottish homes. He was almost uneducated, and his later years were spent in the thick of exciting political discussions. Had he cultivated his poetic talent there is little doubt that he would have produced verse of a high order; that he did so much with such opportunities shows that there was more than promise in his poetry. Mr. Drummond was one of Nicholl's earliest friends, and towards the close of his own busy life he commenced a memoir of the young friend whose memory he cherished so dearly—a memoir intended to efface as far as might be the erroneous impressions conveyed by Mrs. Johnston's "Life" of the poet. Mr. Drummond died leaving his work unfinished, and now it has been taken up and completed by his son. Without any claim to style, without any particular order or method, the book yet conveys a perfectly clear impression of Robert Nicholl. It has the one obvious merit, often lacking in more pretentious biographies—that of truth. And it is enriched by five poems from Nicholl's pen, none of which have appeared in any of the collected editions of his works.

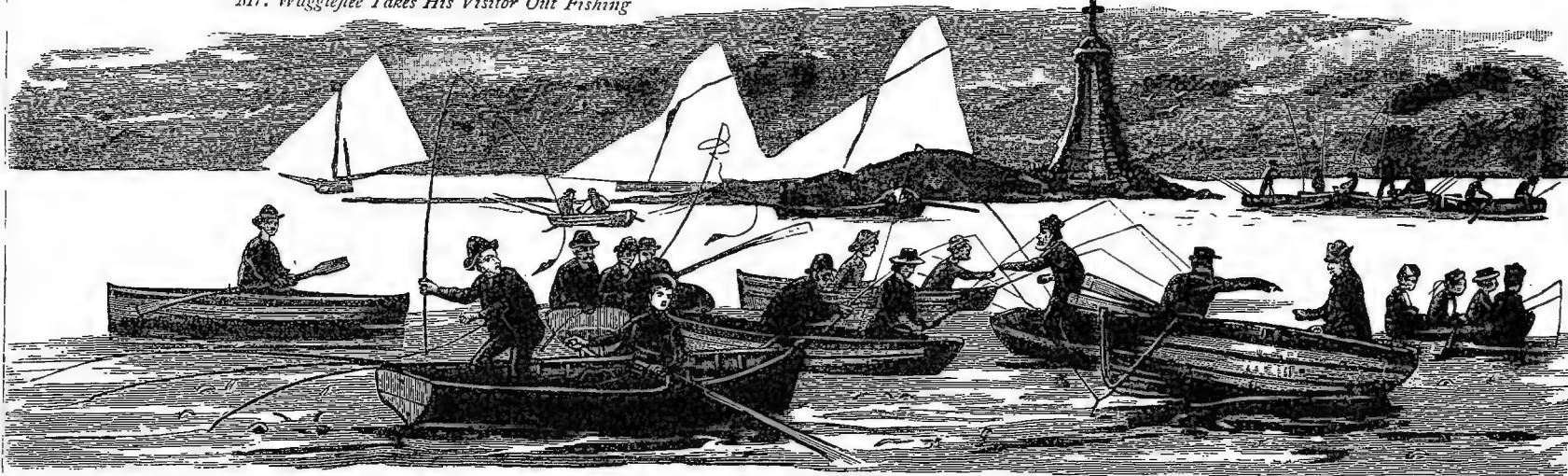
So far as literary results are concerned the Fisheries and the Healthier have overlapped. Before the twelve handsome volumes containing the final results of the Fisheries' Exhibition (conferences, lectures, handbooks, &c.) were published, the first of the "International Health Exhibition Handbooks" were out, and now we have before us about a dozen of these capital little volumes (W. Clowes and Sons). It is easy to ridicule the practical side of these great shows at South Kensington, and to minimise their scientific results. But those who are most behind the scenes are well aware that their influence upon the education of the people is considerable. Especially is this the case with the present Exhibition, dealing, as it does, with a much wider subject than the Exhibition of last year. It would be a good philanthropic work to distribute some of these handbooks in artisans' dwellings and agricultural labourers' cottages—if only there was any hope that they



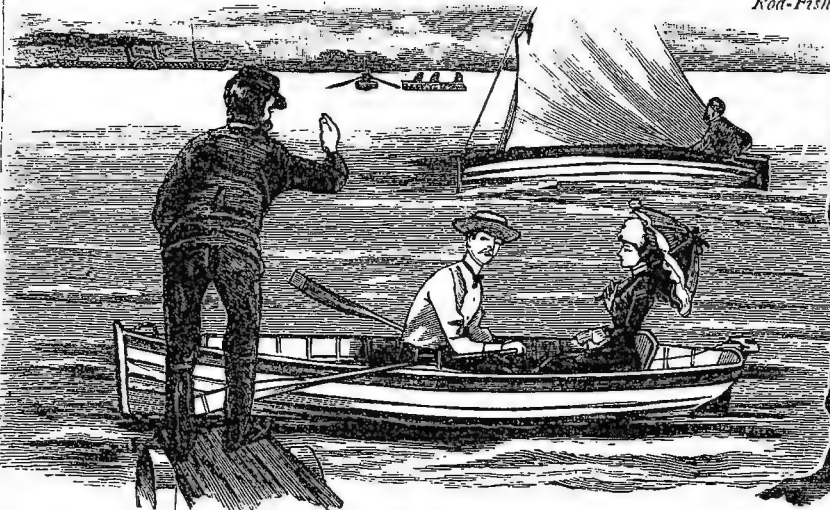
Mr. Wagglelee Takes His Visitor Out Fishing



The Spoilers' Return



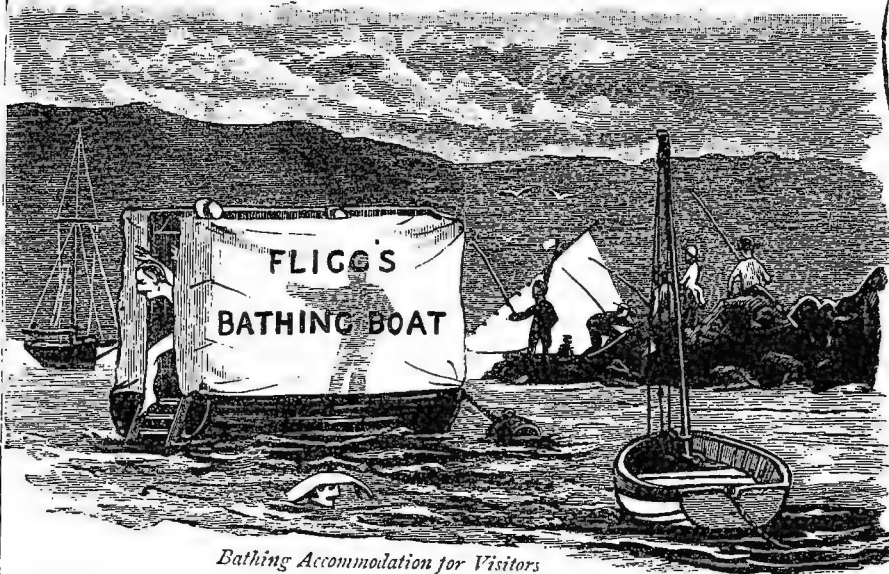
Rod-Fishing—A Shoal



BOATMAN (loq.): "If You're Too Close there You Can Scull on the Bow Thwart"



But Mr. Mashman Makes Other Arrangements



Bathing Accommodation for Visitors



The Regulation Three Dip

J.S. 15



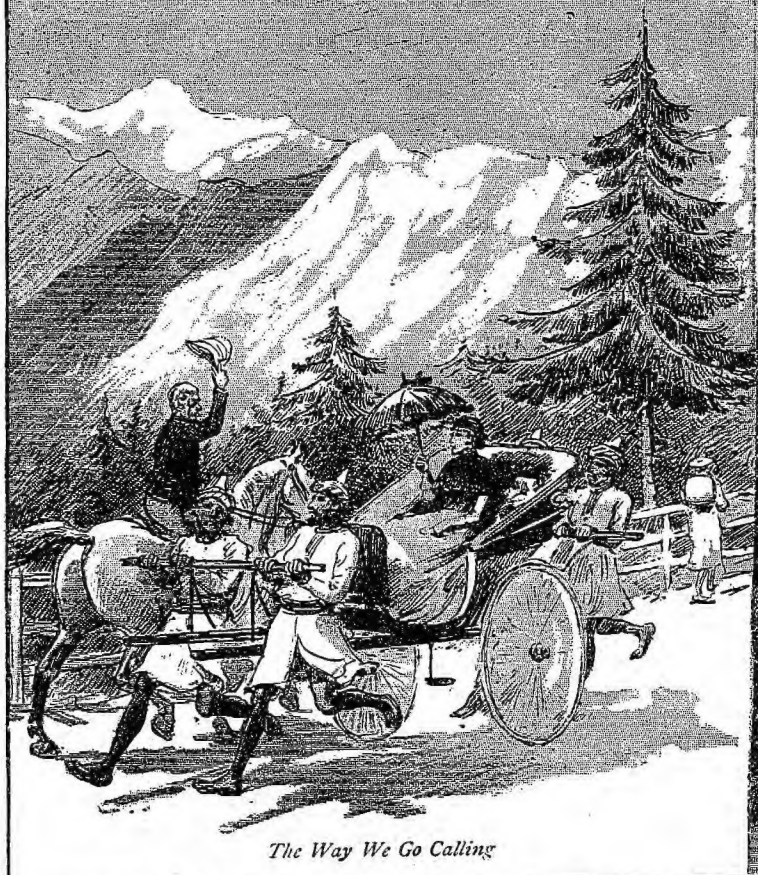
At a Picnic



Lady Ripon's Outriders



The Rains:
Going to a Rehearsal



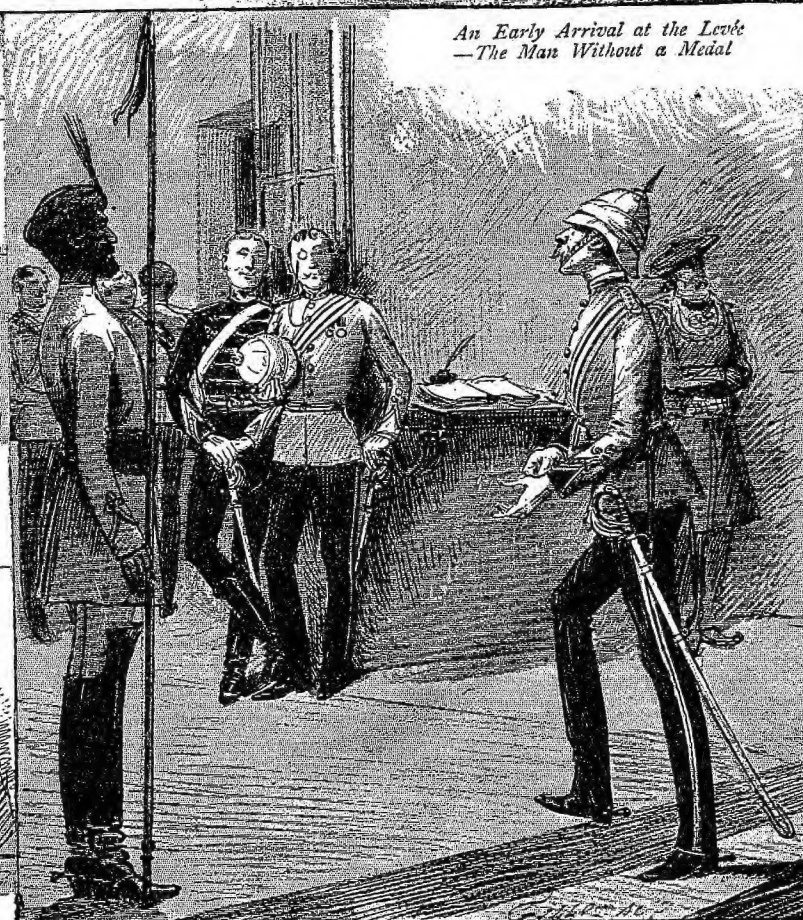
The Way We Go Calling



"So sorry; I haven't a single
dance left. If you had only asked
me last week."



Little Innocents Abroad



An Early Arrival at the Levée
—The Man Without a Medal



Some of Our Heroes in Love, Sport, and War

would be read. For almost all of them are admirably done. They are brief and yet full of matter, practical and yet entertaining. Everywhere one finds common sense and good principles. Mr. Sept. Berdmore, for example, in "The Principles of Cooking," has some excellent remarks on the use of vegetables at dinner, and ices he declares to be "the falsest and wrongest things to be produced at the end of a repast." It is a good hint that gridirons for grilling fish should be chalked, not greased. Dorothea Brooke would have been delighted with Mr. Henry W. Acland's "Health in the Village." Some of the pictures of Irish cottages present very clearly the most unsanitary conditions. Proper methods of ventilating and draining are explained in clear diagrams. In the frontispiece to "Fires and Fire Brigades"—which represents a large building on fire and firemen at work—Captain Shaw ought surely to have shown the new American fire-ladder which he himself has introduced here. Otherwise the handbook is complete, though its usefulness is marred by the absence of a good table of contents. Indexes, perhaps, are scarcely necessary in such small volumes as these; but each handbook ought to have a thorough table of contents. Even this clue to the subjects dealt with is sometimes absent. The authoress of "Food and Cookery for Infants and Invalids" presents her subject clearly from the scientific standpoint, and shows how constantly common sense is violated. Mothers should note the warning as to their diet, and especially their drink, while suckling young babies. The absence of a good table of contents is especially felt in Dr. G. V. Poore's "Our Duty in Regard to Health"—one of the most important of the series. The sewage question receives ample treatment; and on burial Dr. Poore has many sensible remarks. He advocates Mr. Seymour Haden's wicker coffins, but unnecessarily disparages cremation. The chapters on tea and coffee are perhaps the most interesting in "Water and Water Supplies and Unfermented Beverages," by Dr. J. Attfield. "How to produce several quarts of the beverage, all good alike, from a pot of the capacity of two or three pints, is a problem for the fairer sex to solve," says the doctor, speaking satirically; and he warns us that "tea-drinking to excess is only less harmful than alcoholic drunkenness." With small-pox among us, and cholera perhaps to come, much interest will be bestowed on Surgeon-Major Evatt's "Ambulance Organisation," which explains fully, by means of diagrams, the excellent ambulance and hospital arrangements for infectious diseases carried out by the Metropolitan Asylums Board. "Legal Obligations in Respect to Dwellings of the Poor," by Mr. Harry Duff; "Healthy Schools," by Mr. Charles E. Paget, are some of the other handbooks of these excellent series. Together they form a valuable and complete literature of hygiene.

With the tourist season comes the usual crop of guide-books. "The Tourist's Guide to Ireland," by W. F. Wake-man (Dublin: "The Official Guide," Limited, 23, Bachelors' Walk), is richer in legends and archaeological information than in practical hints to the tourist, and its index is inconveniently arranged. It is altogether a guide-book of the old-fashioned sort, though it contains much matter of general interest.—"The Tourist's Handbook to Switzerland," by Robert Allbut (T. Nelson and Sons), is a guide of precisely the opposite type. It is clear, pithy, and well-arranged; and, while cheaper than Murray and Baedeker, it gives all necessary information. The maps and panoramas are good.—"Cassell's Illustrated Guide to Paris" (Cassell and Co.) is cheap, popular, clear, and thorough.—Equally good is Mr. J. E. Muddock's well-known "J. E. M. Guide to Davos-Platz" (Wyman and Sons). The present is the third edition.—Bright and chatty is "Through Auvergne on Foot," by Edward Barker (Griffith and Farran). It gives a fair idea of the country and people.—The penny publications of F. E. Longley (39, Warwick Lane, E.C.) are among the curiosities of guide-book literature. These little books are wonderfully complete, in spite of the extreme compression of their style. They give distances, hotels, views, &c., and some of the engravings are wonderfully good for such very cheap brochures.—Among unconventional guide-books is Mr. Ashby Sterry's "Swainby Guide to Tunbridge Wells" (Tunbridge Wells: R. Clements, Advertiser Office). It is a happy, fanciful little pamphlet in Mr. Sterry's well-known style. If the reader does not gain much practical information about Tunbridge Wells, he gets the laughing philosopher's view of the place, and that is more amusing.

Of all Messrs. Field and Tuer's jokes in book-production, "Quads within Quads" is the most original. Quads are little metal blanks used by the printer for filling up gaps, and the name is in this case applied to a number of small printer's jokes, facetious misprints, &c., with which the volume is filled. It is the binding of the book, however, and not its contents, for which "Quads within Quads" is remarkable. The covers are of vellum, and they are tied together with pieces of old-gold silk. In the thickness of the back cover is a recess, in which reposes another little book, about 1½ in. long by ¾ of an inch wide, also called "Quads," and also tied with old-gold silk. It is printed with special type on bank-note paper.

The Rev. J. G. Wood has written no pleasanter book about animals than "Petland Revisited" (Longmans). Though presumably written for children, it can well be enjoyed by their elders. The dog and cat stories are delicious, and some, notably those of the sheep-worrying dogs, are almost tragic. "Roughie" is the most amusing personage of the book, and "Pret" is the most original cat. But Mr. Wood has kept other pets besides dogs and cats; and the accounts of his chameleons and tortoises, his spiders and beetles, are the freshest part of a delightful book.

From Messrs. Hamilton, Adams, and Co. we have received a new edition of the well-known work "Days of Deer-Stalking in the Scottish Highlands," by William Scrope, illustrated by Sir Edwin and Charles Landseer. Original editions of this work are among the rarest and most valuable of books on field sports.

Not long ago illustrated picture-catalogues were novelties; now it seems that no such catalogue is complete without reproductions, more or less hazy, of the chief pictures of the year. The "Academy Notes" and "Grosvenor Notes," edited by Mr. Henry Blackburn (Chatto and Windus), are too well known for comment here; Mr. T. Fisher Unwin issues a similar illustrated catalogue of the Academy. Yet a third is issued by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. This is edited by Mr. Henry Lassalle. Mr. F. G. Dumas' "Catalogue Illustré du Salon" (Paris: Librairie d'Art, L. Baschet, 125, Boulevard St. Germain) is a substantial volume with no less than 300 illustrations.

A VILLAGE SCHOOL INSPECTION

"You should have come next week to see us, as then I shall be at liberty, our school inspection is to-morrow, and you've no idea what an anxious time it is." So said a clerical friend upon whom I unexpectedly called one summer afternoon, when on a short walking tour in an agricultural county.

I had not thought about school since my own schooldays. Business had taken complete possession of me, mind and body.

"School inspection?" I said. "Anything wrong with the drains? No fevers about, I hope?"

"Oh, dear no," my friend answered, somewhat astonished to find me so ignorant of the great annual event in a parson's life. "No! It's the Government inspection of our school. We are not under a School Board here, and so it all falls upon me, and I am very anxious to get a good grant. These inspectors differ very much, some are as kind and patient with the children as old women, and others are just the opposite: the man who comes to-morrow is very strict, so they say."

Just then a fine handsome girl came into the room, and she was introduced to me as "my daughter Edith." She went off at once to fetch her mother, and Mrs. H. soon appeared—a perfect specimen of a clergyman's wife. She also expressed her regret that I had come at such an unfortunate time: "My husband will be quite free next week, but this dreadful inspection is killing us all; it is really, Mr. C. My dear husband has had very little rest at night lately, and the schoolmaster's nerves are completely unstrung."

I began to think there was something very terrible about this school inspection, and wondered if the poor schoolmaster would survive it.

"I suppose you don't know the Inspector?" I asked.

"Not personally, only by name and reputation. He's a Mr. Hardman, and like his name he is very hard with the youngsters, so I have been told. He was Ninth Wrangler, I believe."

"You know, Mr. C.," said the Vicar's wife, "these men who take such high degrees should never be made village school inspectors. Why, if I told our schoolmaster what a degree the Inspector had taken it would kill him. I assure you it would; fancy a Wrangler bringing himself down to firkins and kilderkins, and apples at so much a peck!"

"Well, Frank; have you caught any trout?" said my friend to a nice, sharp-looking lad who came into the room. "This is my son—not the only one. I have three boys and four girls. My eldest son has just got a Scholarship at St. John's College; and Charlie, the next, is at Rugby; this one is to be articled to a solicitor very soon. Edith, where are the others?"

"I don't know, father," said Edith; "I believe they are at the school."

By this time tea was ready, and I did ample justice to the mutton chops which had been provided for me after my long walk.

"It is a beautiful country," I said.

"Ah! but you should see it in spring, when the lilacs and laburnums are out; it really is charming then. You see this inspection—"

"My dear fellow!" I interrupted, "do try and forget the inspection; I shall ask Miss Edith to give us some music presently, and I will not allow you to talk about the matter."

Edith said she wished the horrid Inspector had never been invented, and my friend and his good wife seemed to think nothing but a miracle would make them forget it. I had hard work to keep clear of the subject. After tea I went into the church, and round the gardens, and made the acquaintance of Mary, Gertrude, and Florence, and they were all talking of the inspection. We then had some music, and sang glees and duets until it was bedtime; but my friend sat most of the evening looking over school-papers, as he said he *must* see that they were all right.

"Gertrude, did you bring the log-book from the school?"

"Oh yes, father; here it is."

"Log-book!" I said; "whatever is that?—I thought only ships had log-books."

"I wish it was so," said my friend; "ships and schools are blessed with more books and papers than you would believe, until you saw them."

I found myself looking at the log-book, and then I was shown some of the forms.

"This," said my friend, "has to be filled up by the master down to here; then I fill in the rest; the school managers have to sign it as well; each child's name—"

"My dear fellow! stop," I said; "here we are again talking of the inspection, and I've caught the infection. You will not sleep a wink to-night, I am certain."

We then retired for the night, and when I got to bed I began thinking about the Ninth Wrangler, and how he would do for a sea-captain. Then I wondered why it was called a log-book. And I got to sleep at last, but only to dream that I was a schoolmaster, and of all sorts of dreadful mathematical problems. Then I awoke, tossed about, and slept again; dreaming this time that I was in for the "Little Go" next day. I had fairly caught the complaint, and, like everybody else in the Vicarage, I was suffering from School Inspection on the brain.

In the morning I was awake by my friend knocking at the door of my room. "Breakfast is an hour earlier this morning; it's the inspection day, you know." I was soon up and dressed; but I was the last at the breakfast table. Edith was in a terrible fright about the sewing. "What can a Wrangler know about hemming and darning?" she said; "he should bring his wife with him."

"Perhaps he's a bachelor," I remarked.

"Worse still," she said, "for he is sure to be cross and particular," and a little colour came to her cheeks, as if she thought that a bachelor would not be such a bad visitor to the Vicarage after all, especially if he was H.M. Inspector of Schools!

Gertrude and Mary were rather nervous about the singing, because the harmonium was so dreadfully out of tune. Florence seemed to be the only one who was calm and resigned to her fate, she rather enjoyed the excitement than otherwise.

It was nearly nine o'clock, and Frank came rushing into the room, almost breathless, saying, "Father, he's here; the cab is coming up the hill now."

My poor friend put on a brave face. The cab stopped at the door, and without waiting for the bell to ring, the Vicar greeted the Inspector as warmly as he could under the circumstances.

"Good morning," said he, "we are just finishing breakfast. Do have a cup of coffee after your drive—there's plenty of time."

"Ah! thanks, I will," said H.M. Inspector, and entering the dining-room he was met by Mrs. H., who was so sorry they had not arranged to give him a bed, and save an early journey. The Inspector soon made himself at home, and Edith came to the conclusion that he was a bachelor, as she noticed the button wanting on one of his gloves, which he had placed on the hall table beside his small black bag; that dreadful bag! full of all sorts of school papers.

Nothing was said about the school, the conversation turned upon the beautiful weather and the pleasant drive.

It was now nine o'clock, the school bell was ringing, and the Inspector and the Vicar and his family (Frank excepted, who had gone off to fish) went to the school, and I joined the party. The master was deadly pale, and he bowed respectfully as the party entered, and all the children, who looked exceedingly bright and tidy, stood up with hands folded behind them, but they looked rather awe-stricken when the Inspector appeared. The Vicar remarked to me privately:

"Everything has gone well so far; even the weather is in our favour, a dull day would have ruined the inspection."

I began to think that the weather was to blame for everything that went wrong.

Mr. Beans, the esquire farmer of the village, also churchwarden and school manager, was present with his wife and daughter, and the y were all formally introduced to the Inspector.

The children were examined in reading, writing, arithmetic, history, geography, and almost everything necessary for a B.A. degree. I was much interested in the scene, and amused at some of the answers given by the children. The Inspector was best at "mathematics," of course; this was one question he put in mental arithmetic:—"If eighteen apples cost one shilling, how much will twelve apples cost?" No answer; not even an attempt at an answer. "Come! come!" said H.M. Inspector, "cannot you tell me? Well, if twelve apples cost one shilling, how much will six pears cost at the same rate per dozen?" This was another

"stumper." The poor schoolmaster had always thought the children weak in arithmetic, and now he was convinced of the fact. Next came the poetry recitation, after which the children were asked the meaning of certain words. "What is a plain?" "What father uses to smooth boards with," answered George, the village carpenter's son. "You don't mean a School Board," said the Inspector, laughing at this little joke, which made even the schoolmaster smile. "Not exactly that, my boy, I mean the plain mentioned in the poetry. Come, don't you understand?"

"Something you can see quite plain," said another lad. "A field with no hedges," said a third. And the inspector could make very little of them as regards the meaning of words.

The sewing was next on the list for examination, and poor Edith was very anxious about it. "Now," said H.M. Inspector, "let me see the work, but, Miss Edith, I shall appoint you to inspect it, as I know nothing about seams and hems, and I cannot take it home to my wife, as I have not got one yet." There was something about that word "yet" that made Edith colour up, and for a minute or two she was rather disconcerted. "Will you please tell me if it is all right, and I will take your word for it," he said.

"Oh, but I have the management of the sewing-class," replied Edith. "I mean, I superintend it, and I ought not to inspect it also; my sister, Gertrude, will do it, if you like." Gertrude thereupon carefully examined the work, and she pronounced it to be very satisfactory, and two or three of the girls were honourably mentioned.

"Thank you," said the Inspector, "that will do. Now, children, you may have a holiday this afternoon, and I am much pleased with your behaviour and tidy appearance. Good morning." A general volley of "Good morning, sir," was then given; the schoolmaster bowed low, and the Inspector and the Vicarage party left the school.

Yes; the inspection was over, the schoolmaster was rapidly recovering his normal condition, and when they got to the Vicarage, the Inspector, turning to Edith, said, "Well, the sewing, at all events, is passed; by the bye, would you kindly do a little thing for me in the sewing way? The button came off my glove as I drove in the cab this morning; will you fasten it on again?"

"Certainly," said Edith, and in a few minutes the button was replaced on the glove.

After luncheon the inspector departed, and when he drove along in the cab somehow or other he could not help looking at the button which Edith had sewn on for him. It seemed to be different from all other buttons. He carried that glove always with him, never feeling happy without it.

The report of the examination was very good. The sewing was mentioned as being "excellent," and the singing "most creditable," and when the Vicar and his family read it of course they were all very pleased. Edith said she would never be afraid of an Inspector again, and Gertrude and Mary said he looked like a "musical man."

"Edith, my dear," said Mrs. H.—, "you see the Inspector was a much nicer man than we anticipated. I hope he will come again next year."

The Inspector *did* go again next year, but that time he drove straight to the church, and not to the school. The children were there waiting for him, each had a bunch of flowers. It was Edith's wedding day, and soon the old church bells were ringing a merry peal, the flowers had been scattered in the pathway, and "the happy pair," the Inspector and Edith, drove away with the good wishes usually bestowed upon the bride and bridegroom, to say nothing about the showers of rice and old shoes.

Whenever the button came off a glove Edith could not help thinking of the button and the glove which she said had brought her so much happiness, and she would often say laughingly to her husband, "Yes! I did call you a horrid Inspector, and wish you had never been invented; but that was before I saw you, and before I sewed the button on your glove." X.



MESSRS. F. AMOS AND CO.—Two pretty love ditties of the same type are: "Yesterday," written and composed by Ellen Miller and Theodor L. Clemens; and "Apart," words by Alton Rode; music by W. H. Hunt, B.Mus., Lon.—As its title would lead us to suppose, "Saving the Colours," written and composed by Lindsay Lennox and Michael Watson, is a tale of heroism, with a tragical end dramatically conceived and carried out.—"The Strolling Player," words by Edward Oxenford, music by A. L. Mora, is a dashing ballad, well suited for a Musical Reading or People's Concert; it is of medium compass.—A brace of songs, written and composed by Claxson Bellamy and J. E. Webster, are respectively, "Soldiers' Wives," the words of which are replete with healthy sentiment, the music very appropriate and melodious; and "I Dream of Thee," of a very commonplace school.—Dramatic and taking is "The Dying Veteran," words by G. W. Southey, music by Franz Leideritz; it may be sung with effect by a baritone or bass.—"Mine Alone" is a pretty love song, with violin obbligato (*ad lib.*), words by Archibald Cameron, music by H. E. Warner.—Three cheerful pieces for the pianoforte, moderately difficult, are (1) "Danse Impromptu," by Edward J. Sturges; (2) "Minuet Fantastique," by Percy Pitt; and (3) "Danse Villageoise," by Alois Volkmer.—March, "In Memoriam—The Duke of Albany," composed by Leonard Gautier, is not likely to add to the reputation of this clever musician.

MESSRS. WILLCOCKS AND CO.—Brief and tuneful duets for the pianoforte are somewhat rare, hence it is that a "Suite in D," by Alfred Christensen, will, as they deserve to do, meet with a sure success. No. 1 is a merry "Gavotte," No. 2 a grave "Valse Lento," No. 3 "Intermezzo," and No. 4 a stately "Menuetto." A simple and melodious piece for the pianoforte is "The Minstrel and His Harp," by W. Pohlmann.

LONDON PUBLISHING AND GENERAL AGENCY COMPANY.—Two anthems, music by W. Spark, Mus. Doc., will surely prove welcome to all church choirs, in general, "Balaam's Prophecy," "I shall see Him, but not now," is suitable for all seasons, but especially for Christmas; it is arranged for a quartette of voices without a solo; the words are from Holy Writ. More difficult of execution is "Hosanna," a full anthem, the words by James Cargill Guthrie; but it will well repay a little study, and after half a dozen repetitions will please an ordinary congregation. Of more than ordinary merit and originality is "One Day of Roses," words by Philip P. Marston, music by Mary W. Ford; this charming song will take a foremost rank in the concert and drawing-rooms of the coming season; that is to say, if it be well sung and the accompaniment well played. "The Gordon March," by Basil Cobbett, is well meant, but lacks melody and originality; still, it promises well for the future.

THE PIOUS CUSTOM OF KISSING THE POPE'S TOE has lately become a trying ordeal to Leo XIII. Owing to a painful affection of the nail the Pope cannot bear the least pressure on his right foot, so now at all audiences he presents his left foot to receive the respectful kiss of the faithful.

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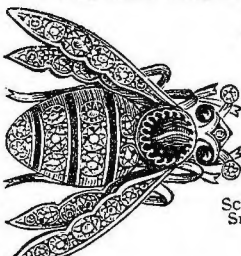
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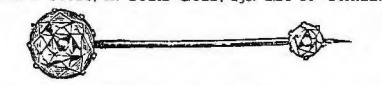
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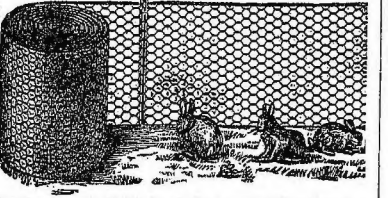
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When I mention that we only went in a small boat with four niggers, and that two expeditions from men-of-war, with fully-equipped boats, had tried the survey before, and only got forty miles (having lost the greater part of their crews through the malaria), while we got over eighty miles, I think I am only doing you justice in putting our success down to your excellent preparation.
I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
A LIEUTENANT ROYAL NAVY, F.R.G.S.

To J. C. Eno, Esq., Hatcham, London, S.E.

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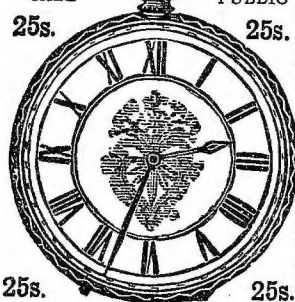


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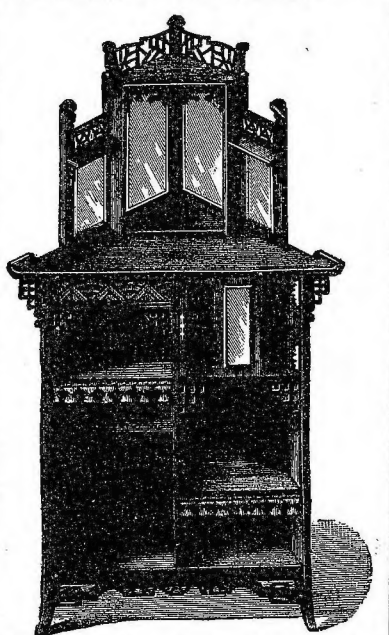
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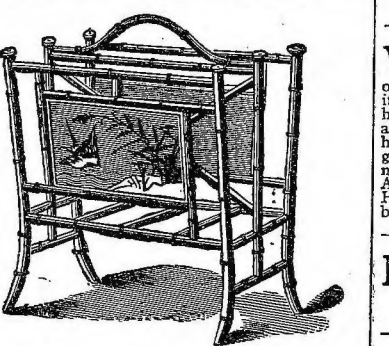
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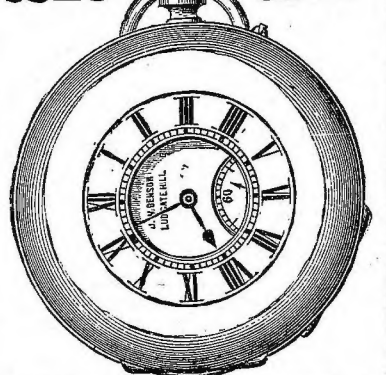
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